

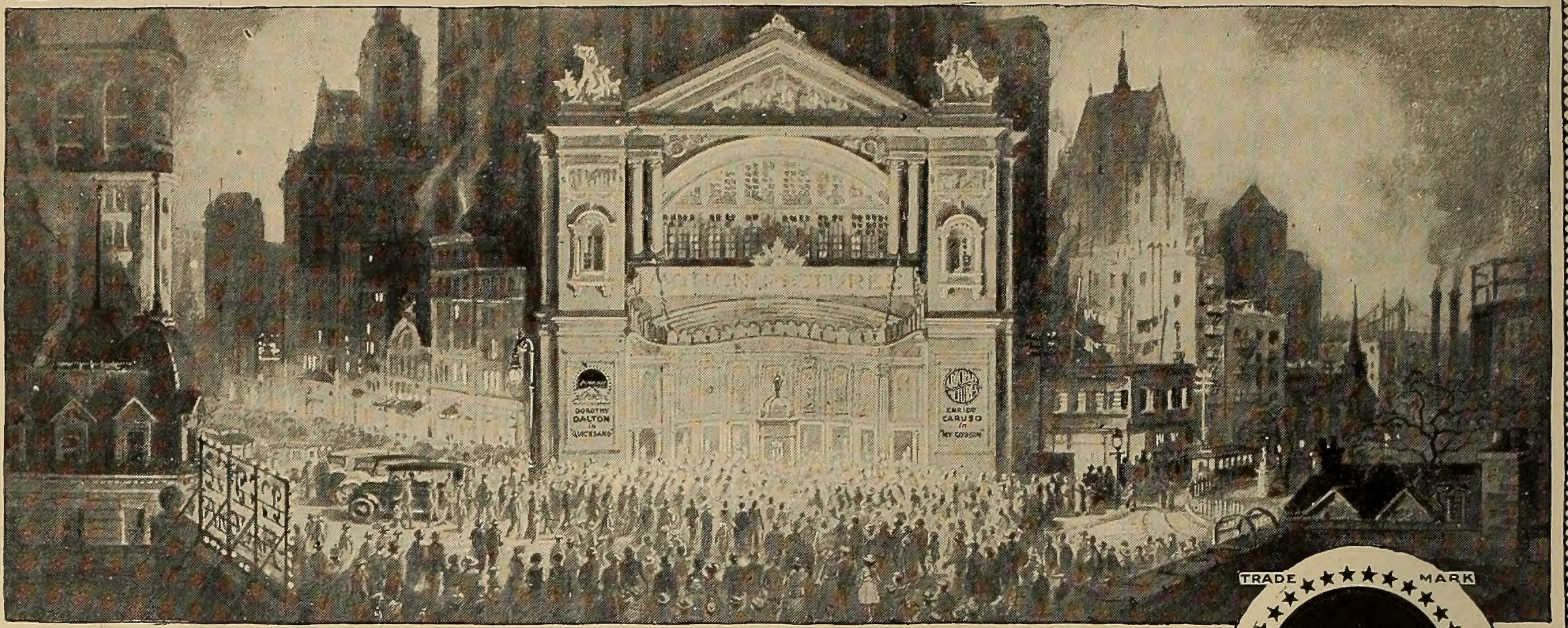
Film Fun

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FEBRUARY
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POPULAR MOVIE FEATURES



The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

BABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures—pictures attuned to the spirit of the time—208 Paramount and Artcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional depths of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Artcraft touch the deepest chords in you! Such is the power of "Foremost stars, superbly directed in clean pictures."

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General

NEW YORK

FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES



HERE are the latest productions of Paramount and Artcraft Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to January 1. Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Artcraft

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"
Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"
D. W. Griffith's
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"
William S. Hart in
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

Paramount

Enid Bennett in
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"
Marguerite Clark in
"THREE MEN AND A GIRL"
Ethel Clayton in
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton in
"QUICKSAND"
Dorothy Gish in
"THE HOPE CHEST"
Shirley Mason and Ernest
Truex in a John Emerson-
Anita Loos Production
"GOOD BYE BILL!"
Charles Ray in
"STRING BEANS"
Wallace Reid in
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"
Bryant Washburn in
"THE WAY OF A MAN
WITH A MAID"

Paramount-Artcraft Special

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"
Supervised by Thos. H. Ince



©CLB424491



PATHE

When dynamite sticks are the weapons in a duel, there is something novel in slapstick humor. Toto, Hippodrome clown (on the left), in "Check Your Baggage."

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

FEBRUARY-1919

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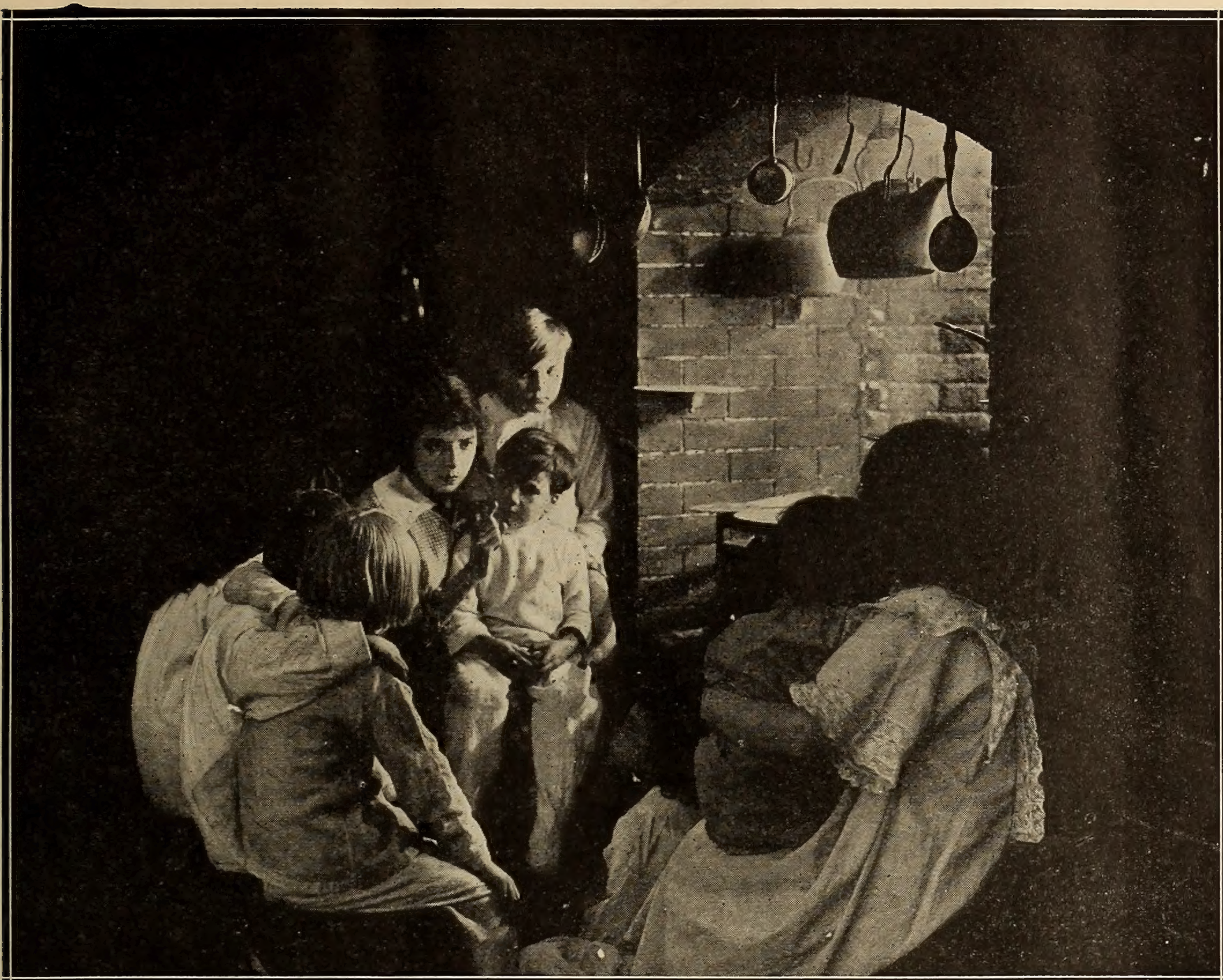
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Number 358

15c a copy



*To prove to you, Saint Valentine, your month we're not forgetting,
We put this perfect pearl—Pearl White—in dainty heart-shaped setting.*



PIONEER

"THE GOBLINS 'LL GIT YER IF YER DON'T WATCH OUT"

Coleen Moore, as "Little Orphant Annie," in the screen version of James Whitcomb Riley's poem.

No Room for Her

IF there be a place where "mother" is a nuisance, it is in the feature film. She is usually a mere incumbrance.

Screen editors cry aloud for "action—life—incident—adventure" or some form of "punch"; or they coo wooingly for a love story, something with passion, fervor, romance.

So where does mother come in?

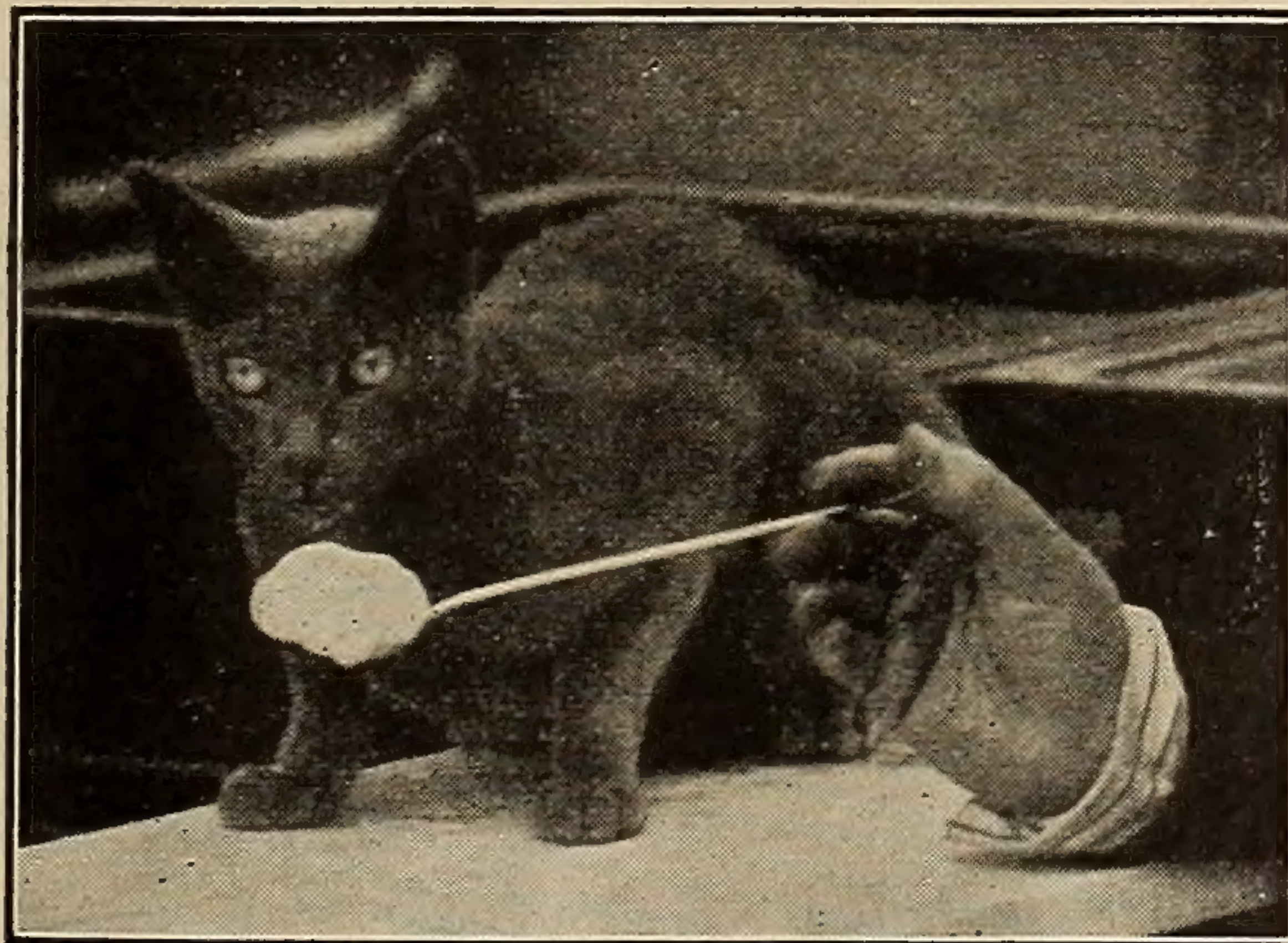
You cannot lug mother around fastened to the back of a burro by means of a diamond hitch, stow her conveniently with the dunnage in a canoe, hike her on snowshoes over Alaskan trails, nor set her adrift in an open boat in a measureless sea.

Think it over, and you will begin to understand why the heroines of feature films are so often the daughters of mothers who "died when Myrtle was born." This disposes of mama and has a touch of pathos—especially when the gray-haired father is made to "see her mother's face in hers," or to "gaze into eyes so like her long-dead mother's."

If the heroine finds herself in

a sob-situation, she can cling to a mother and exclaim, "Oh, mother, mother!" but is it worth while to pack a mother into a lightly ballasted tale for this purpose only? As a substitute, the father can hold her firmly while she indulges in a few convulsive sobs, and emit a guttural "There, there, my daughter! I wish your mother were living!" This is not a bad way of filling the mother hiatus. Of course there are classes of picture plays besides the active and the romantic. The invalid mother in bed or in a rolling chair, the white-haired Virginian mother in the homestead, or the mother who—well, who you think shouldn't be till the mystery is made clear—all these have a possible use at odd times. But wise writers of popular films do not really run toward mothers.

They hand mother over to the song writers, saying: "She's no use to us. You take her. Puther in the rocking chair by the hearth; let her boss the cradle; bury her in the village churchyard—or what you will. We will make father a widower and do our best with him."



SENNETT

WATCHFUL WAITING

The cat is the one domestic quadruped that declines to pose willingly for the screen.

Taking Movies to Men Who Can't Go to Them

By Homer Croy, Editor "Overseas Weekly"



The author of this article, Homer Croy, writes out of the fullness of his own experience in France. He does not describe someone else's work for the American troops; he spins a first-hand yarn. Mr. Croy was formerly a member of the Leslie-Judge staff.

TWO classes of men, we found, were most in need of motion pictures. They were not the men in the training camps, the ones in the barracks, those in the hospitals, nor those in Paris on leave. The ones who needed them most badly of all were the men fresh from the trenches and the thousands in the S. O. S. regions.

There were a million men who came to France to see the war and who never heard a gun fired. They were the men in the refrigeration plants, in the forestry divisions and in the great railroad shops. They were farther from the war than the people of Spokane. They were in a foreign country with no newspaper of their own, their hunger for war news appeased only when some excited Portuguese or Frenchman struggling with the language came through and lifted the veil for a brief moment. Then it was back to work—work of the most dull and monotonous kind. It was for these men that we were most concerned. They were the ones who needed motion pictures.

Ice cream and the movies—that was what the men missed more than anything else. With these two in something like satisfactory quantities, our men would have had little or no worry as to when hostilities would be over. Ice cream is an unknown product in France. Sometimes a place puts up an ice cream sign and the boys rush in, to come out a few moments later with a look on their faces that causes the military police to loosen his holster. The advertised product consists only of finely chopped ice with

some kind of seasoning matter to set it off. It would serve as an appropriate article to give men starting into battle, but when taken by boys returning from the front, it was apt to cause a sudden and unexpected continuation of hostilities. So there were only the movies left. They filled in the waits.

"I don't mind going out and doing my turn," said one of the enlisted men just back from a forward position, "but there ain't anywhere to go afterward. That's what gets me—just sitting around and waiting for something to happen."

To the lot of my particular department fell the filling in of these waits. Our duty was to supply the men with motion pictures.

The filming of the war was given over to the Signal Corps; the showing of films was in the hands of the Y. M. C. A. Their showing was effected through the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the film distributing arm of the Y. M. C. A. All film for our boys in France was and is distributed through the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the largest consumer of film in the world.

How to get the film to the men: that was the problem. The big, heavy machines of Broadway were out of the question. Where there were huts it was an easy matter, but when the troops were advancing there was no time to build huts and install equipment. We had to show the pictures to the men on the run, and it had to be done

quietly, for the Huns had a thousand eyes. A flash of light shows behind the lines, and a few moments later a bomb drops out of the sky. Tired, bedraggled and weary, the men came out of the line. A sleep, and then they wanted a movie show.

This we accomplished by mounting our entire equipment on a "trailer" and speeding away with it to a spot which was technically called "quiet," but which in reality would make Broadway and Forty-second Street look like a description from Washington Irving. About the only difference between a quiet spot and an active one was that in a quiet spot the gas protector did not have to be worn as high.

With our two-wheeled "trailer" hooked on behind a Ford, we went speeding away to some more or less secluded nook, stretched a curtain between two trees or mounted it between two poles, opened up our storage battery, and in a few minutes the boys were in Hollywood. On ammunition heaps, Standard Oil tins or tree stumps they sat—anywhere to keep the enthusiasts from stepping on their faces—and when Douglas Fairbanks mounted a wall, they rattled their helmets and called "Encore! encore!" which is the French equivalent of More! more!

Another reel goes on and silently they sit, their eyes on the screen, until another scene sends home its appeal, when a hubbub of voices arises with callings back and forth in jests and contumely known and understood only in the company, and then as the machine clicks on, with the operator's hand making its steady, monotonous revolutions, a warning sounds. The screen goes dark, the lights go out, cigarettes are rubbed into the ground, and in a few moments the space is empty. The car rumbles off, and the observing airplane sees only a dash, untenanted spot. The performance is over, but the men have lived. The show has been interrupted, but that is war. There will be another one tomorrow evening—unless the men are called back to the trenches. If so, then there will be one when they come out; and if they don't

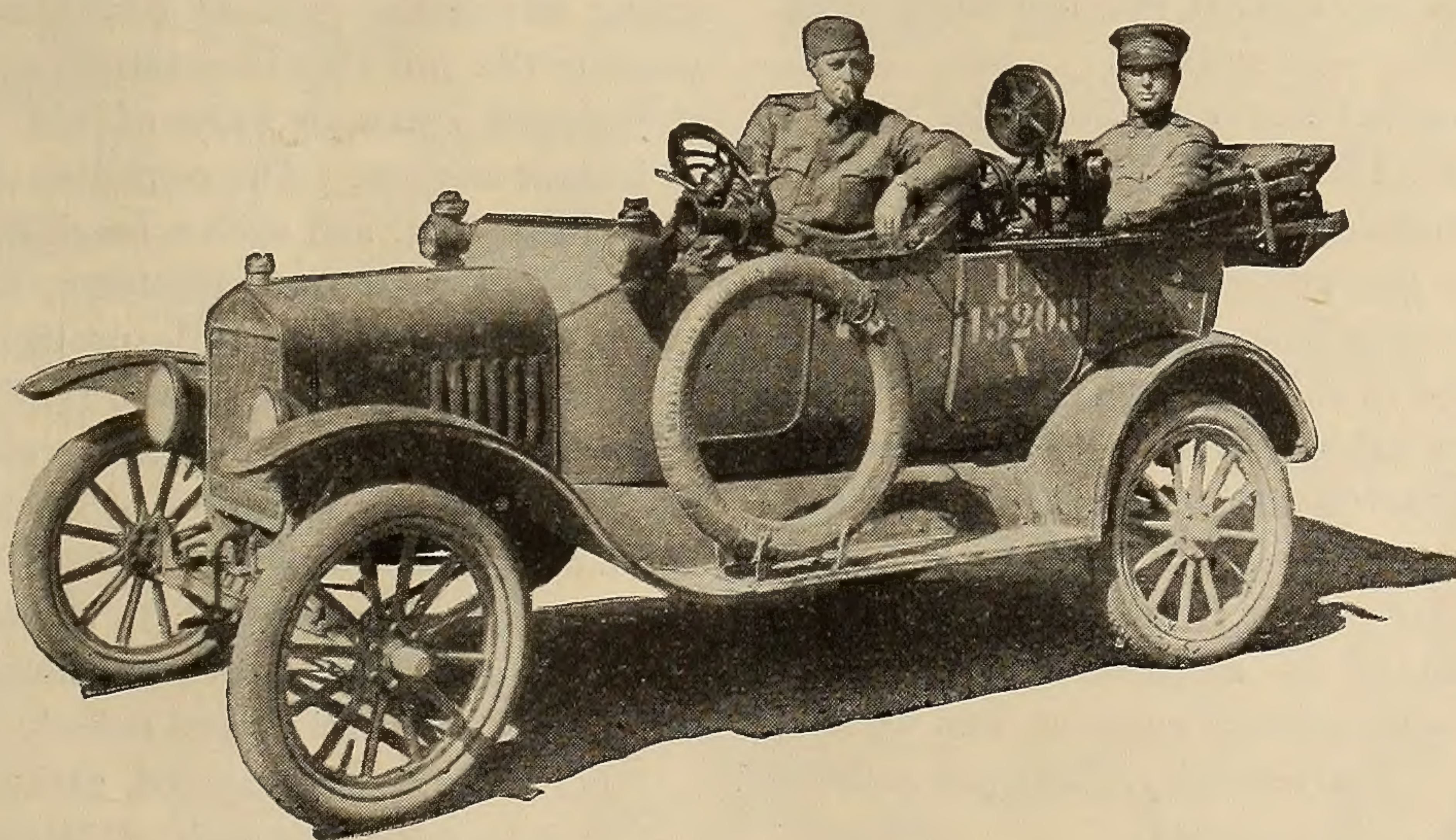
come out, then there will be one in the hospital. If they can't sit up in bed, why, then the picture will be on the ceiling!

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and William S. Hart are all right, but that is not home. Ottumwa, Iowa, isn't in them. Most of all the men want familiar scenes and home faces. To satisfy this yearning for something from home, General Pershing made a request for a news weekly for our boys on this side of the sea. My particular privilege was the issuing of this, the "OVERSEAS WEEKLY," in film form, something of what "THE STARS AND STRIPES" is in newspaper dress.

It was made up with some care of the pick of the actualities that happen in America, with the best taken at the front by our Signal Corps. The whole of the United States was represented. Ottumwa was on the firing line. It is an ever joy to those of us interested in it to hear the enthusiasm that greets a simple scene from Bayonne or the applause a kerosene tractor demonstration at Peoria gets when the boys recognize their home town. A tractor plowing up a field might not get much of a hand on Broadway, but in Saint Mihiel it brought down the house. Half a dozen men will come to their feet, clanking their helmets together, and one of them is sure to call out with the enthusiasm of a new-found friend: "Looky there, sitting on that seat—that's old Milt Brown!"

One of the first scenes that we were able to show was the funeral procession up Fifth Avenue of Mayor Mitchell. Coming suddenly before them, the men were not quite able to grasp at first the meaning of the procession, but before the boys were the familiar scenes of Fifth Avenue and

Madison Square. To their feet the men came, venting their enthusiasm at this touch of home, to quiet down a moment later in respectful silence as the significance of the procession came to them; and as the body was borne away from St. Patrick's on its steel carriage, the clearing of throats betokening the tears that could not be seen could be heard over the dark, shadowy audience.



Speed away to a spot which was technically called "quiet," but which in reality would make Broadway and Forty-Second Street look like a description from Washington Irving.

The Elusive Affinity

She saw him on the stage;
In love she promptly fell—
This maid of tender age,
In Orchestra 4-L.

She loved his manly stride—
He played the leading role—
His clothes, his shoulders wide,
His eye replete with "soul."

She watched, a worshiper,
His every move and look.
Oh, rapture! As it were,
Her heart had got the hook.

And when he kissed, reel three,
The leading lady's face,
Ah, how she longed to be
In that young lady's place!

Alas! the fates said nay.
No solace e'en to go
And wait, the stage-door way,
To see him after show.

The door, you understand,
Is there, but—dismal fact!—
He's but the hero grand
Of a motion picture act.

The Funniest Man In the Movies

An Interview Granted to A. H. F.

I'VE got more laughs than anybody in the business," he said, "yet nobody knows my name."

The "business" was the motion picture industry; "he" was Plummer Appleton, the veteran property man of the Perfection Film Co.

"I'm no sorehead," he continued. "I recognize that certain things are so because they *are* so, and you can't change them. But sometimes when I get to thinking what I've contributed to the gayety of this world, I ask myself if it's quite fair that I should remain forever unknown, with not even so much as a line in small type on the program."

There is a lot of justice in the old man's claim—old man because Plummer Appleton dates back to the pioneer days of the movies and remembers when cinematograph was the mouthful they went by. He might have retired long ago, but the fascination of the film is all-powerful, and he is still in the game.

"Yes, sir, pie," said he; "not eating-pie, but throwing-pie. Heaven knows how many I've made. My first, I guess, were pretty crude; but I improved the process, and of late years hardly a pie has been thrown in comedy that didn't come from my laboratories."

"But," we interrupted, a trifle maliciously, "don't you think you place too much stress upon the personality of your pie? Wouldn't *any* pies have done as well, so long as they were soft?"

For an instant we regretted having said it—Mr. Appleton regarded us with such a look of shocked amazement. Then—and with some effort—he smiled.

"I might have expected the question," he sighed. "You're like all the rest. The highest art is that in which the presence of art is concealed; that is true of acting, and it is true of pie. Pies are going out of fashion in the movies; where one is thrown now, fifty used to be, so it is not as easy as it once was to show you what I mean. You might go to the movies all day, visiting in that time a score of places, and see nary a pie. Bags of flour are taking their place in the comedy films. Flour spreads well on

the face when it hits, and *anybody* can put it in a paper bag; but it's cheap stuff, common and without individuality. Step in here for a moment.

Leading the way into a tiny projecting room, the veteran expert threw on a lighted screen a few feet of film of a favorite comedian—it would be unwise to mention names. It was not a re-

cent film, but it readily stirred the memory to action.

"Observe, if you please," said Mr. Appleton, as a robust piece of frothy pastry struck a face and burst. "That scene practically MADE that comedian; and my pie made that scene. It looks to the man out in front as if the pie were actually thrown across the restaurant, but anybody in the business knows that that wasn't the way it happened. A pie was thrown—not this pie—and then the cranking stopped. It was resumed when a second pie—*my* pie—was gently tossed in the comedian's face, and the two actions were joined in one.

"I spent three weeks on that type of pie. You can find it in my index as the No. 7 Custard. You see, an actor cannot always be sure of his aim when he throws a pie, so he merely throws it. The hitting is done in another picture, at short range, which can't miss. It looks to the audience like one long throw, but it isn't. I had to devise a pie that would give all the effect of bursting with frightful force, when in truth it had been chucked but two or three feet."

"I had no idea"—we began.

"Nobody has," was the prompt response. "They just see the result, and laugh. Why, you know, you *must* know, if you stop to think, that no ordinary pie will explode like a shrapnel shell and scatter itself properly when it is simply eased into a man's face. It won't burst at all; it will merely drip. I saw this at once, and perfected a custard pie that was fitted with a concealed but powerful spring which the gentlest direct contact would release, much to the pie's disintegration. Topped with a coating of whipped cream or white of egg, my No. 7 Custard was an instant success. The comedian had to swim out of it, when it hit him, and such a laugh as he—*he*—got! And I—I—well, I was merely Appleton, the property man."

We came out of the little projecting room, out into the light of day. Appleton was in reminiscent mood.

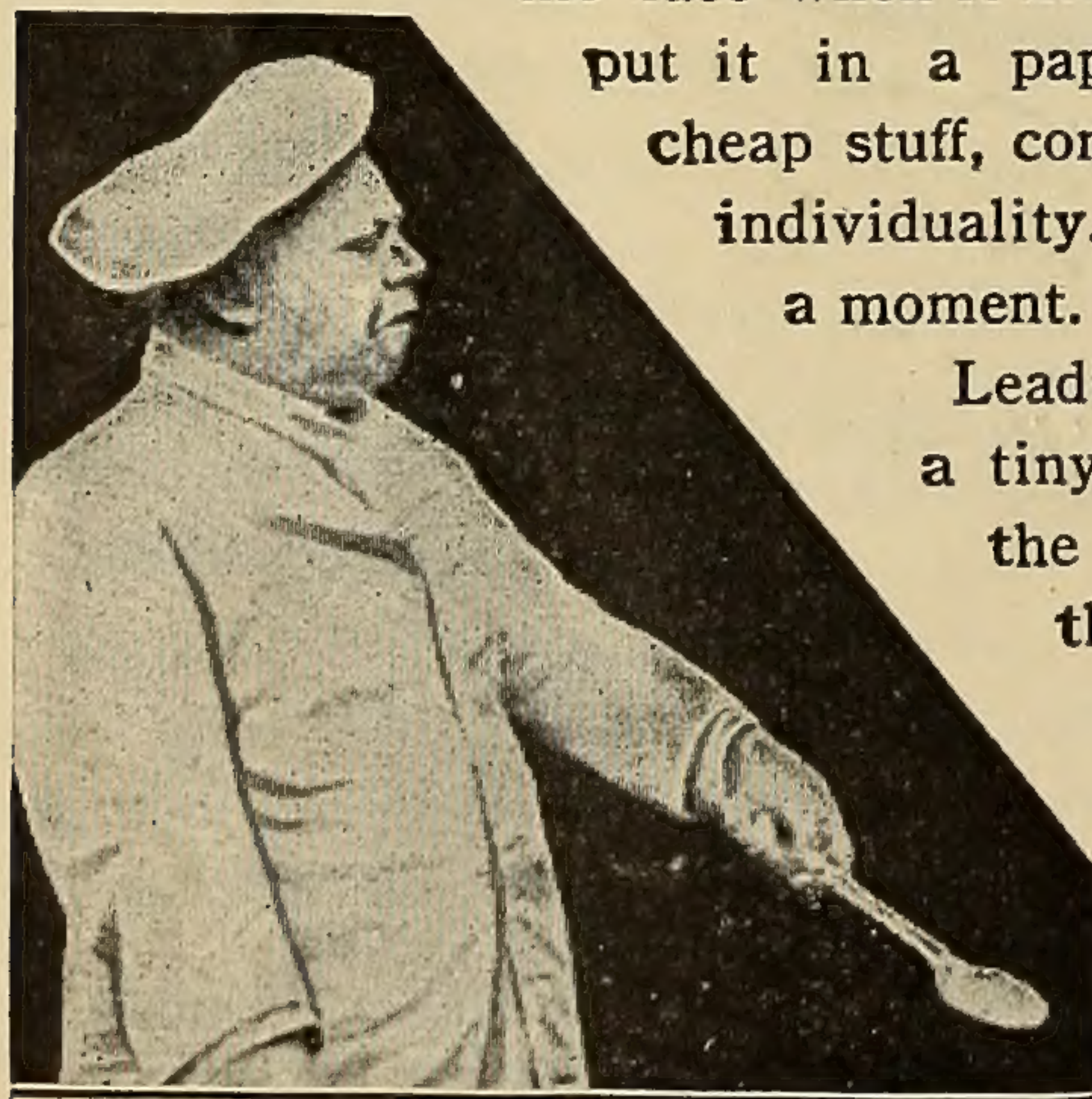
"Pies, pies—I've made them all," he said, "from the custard and lemon meringue of light comedy down the line to the deep-dish blackberry pie of broad farce. And now the movie pie is going out, if it hasn't already gone, and I, who have put a score of comedians on the route to fame, am old and unknown. And nobody cares."

"It is hard," we ventured, rather weakly.

"It is hard," he agreed. "Mighty hard. And doubly so because it is unfair. Pick up almost any theater program and what do you read? 'Furniture by Jones. Carpets by Brown. Tapestries by Smith. Piano by Green. Electrical effects by Robinson.' They all, every one of them, get their bit of publicity. And yet, what is a line on a theater program compared with a notice on the screen? How easy it would have been, if I had only insisted upon it, for the producers to run a slide, 'Throwing Pies by Plummer Appleton.'

"Well, it's all off now. And I'm going to retire soon, anyway. My art will die with me."

(Continued on page 32)

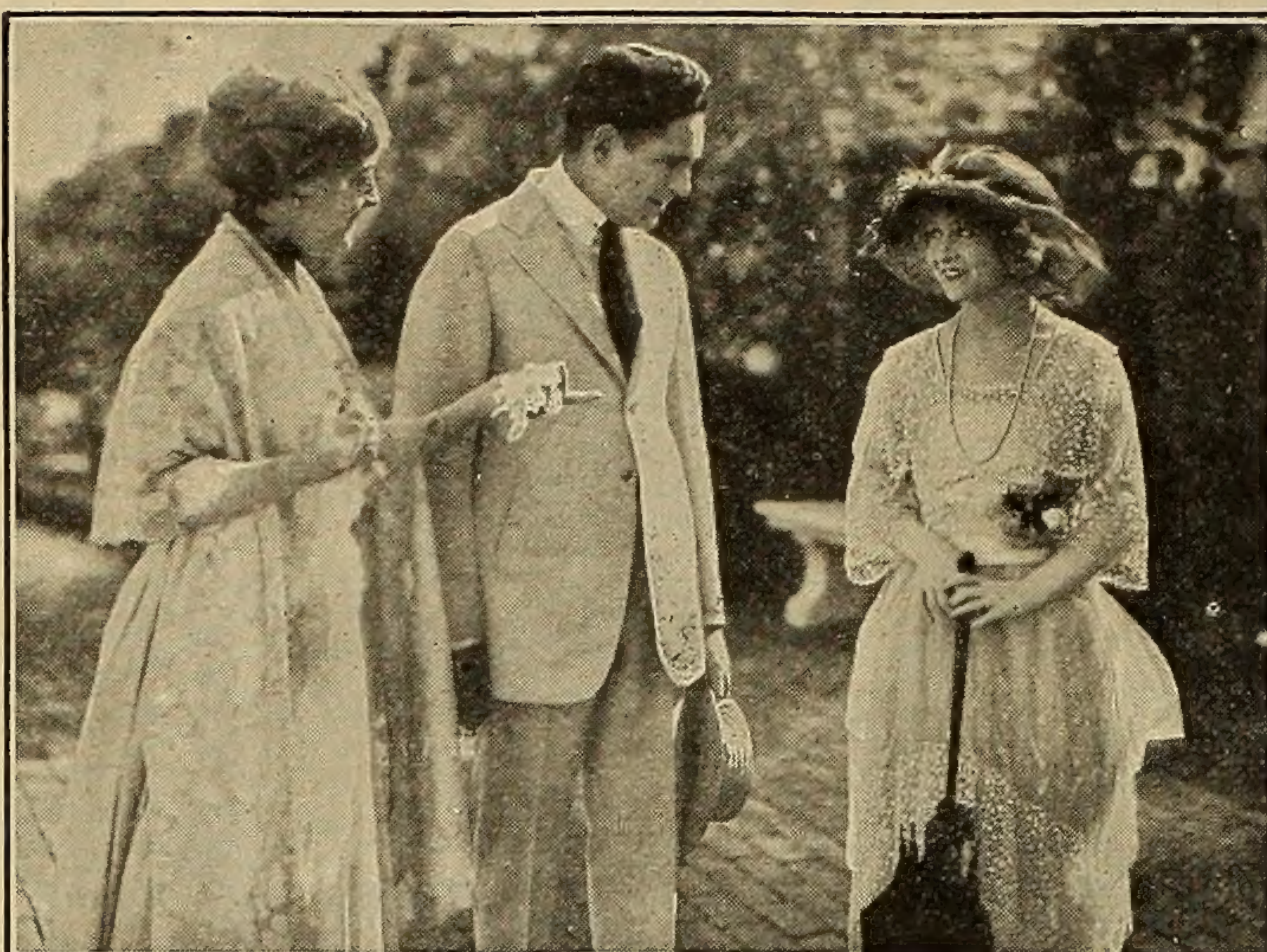


"I spent three weeks on that type of pie. You can find it in my index as No. 7 custard."

Lured

"I heard the pipe organ and thought it was a movie theater,"

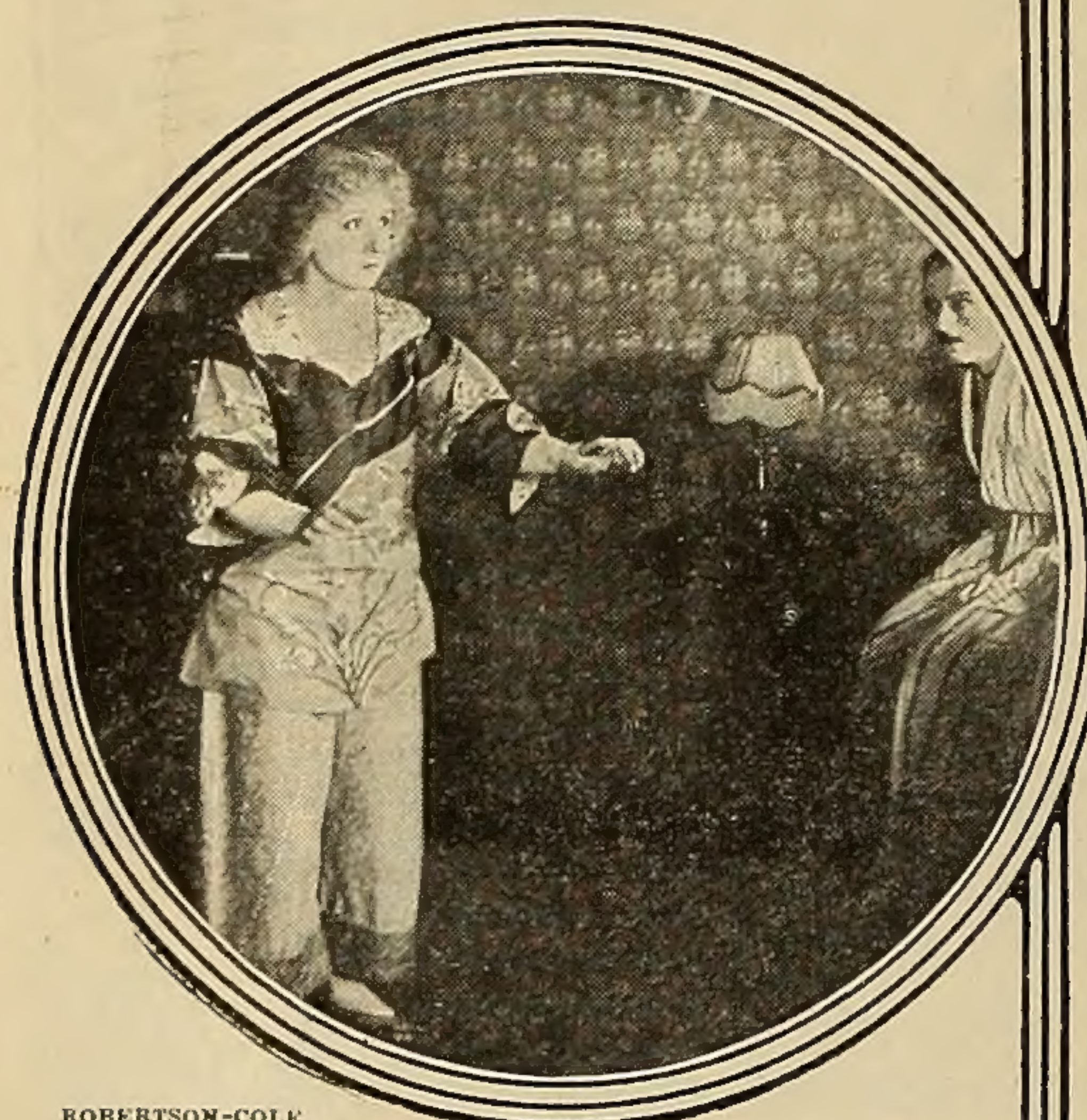
"All of a Sudden Norma," Adventuress-In-Chief



1. The house party. Norma meets the man whom she decides to "adopt" as a husband.



2. The test. Norma and her obedient spouse discover that the pilfered jewels are paste.



ROBERTSON-COLE

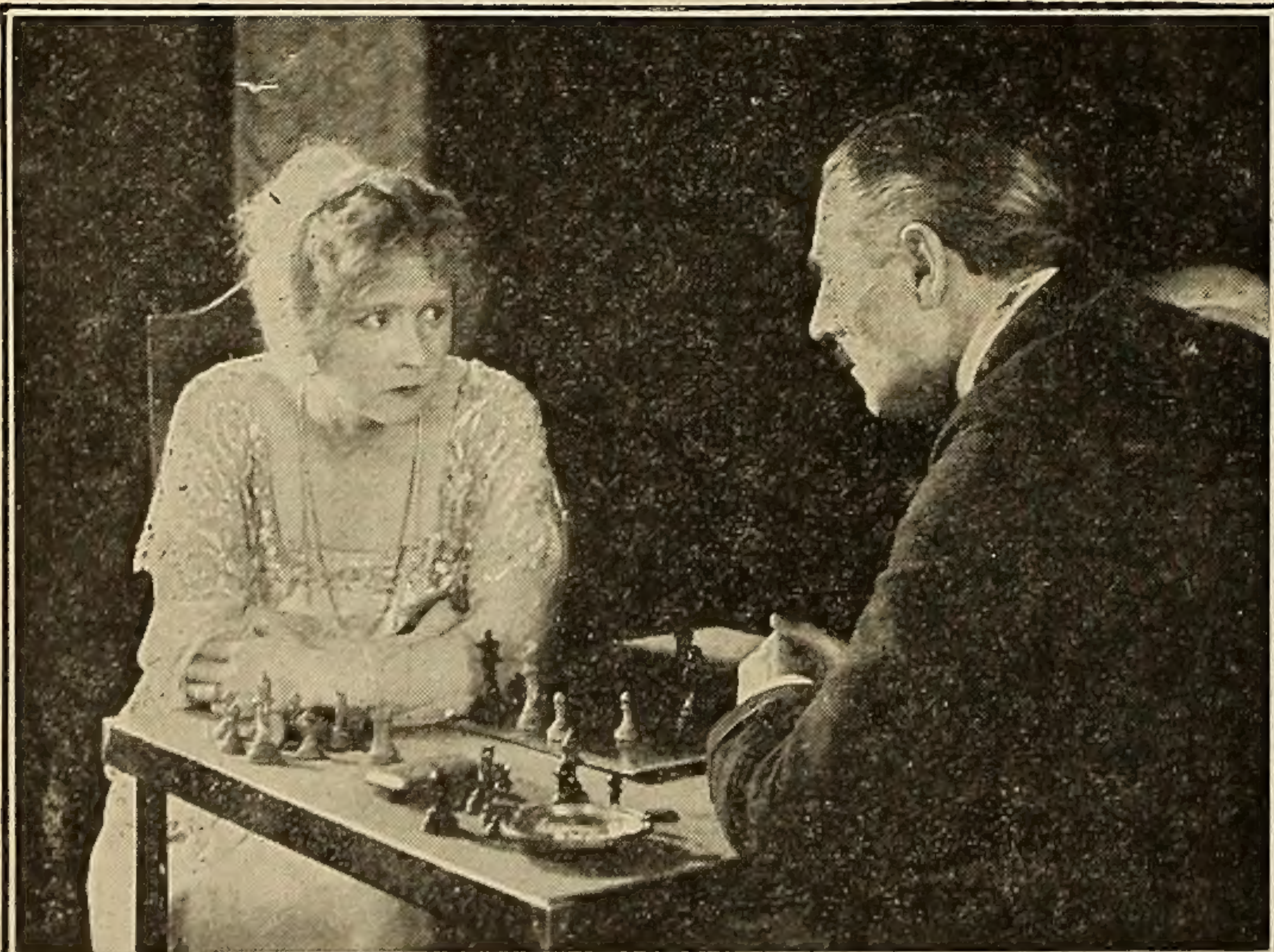
3. As a sleep-walker, the impromptu adventuress succeeds—almost—in deceiving the Duke.

By Way of Synopsis

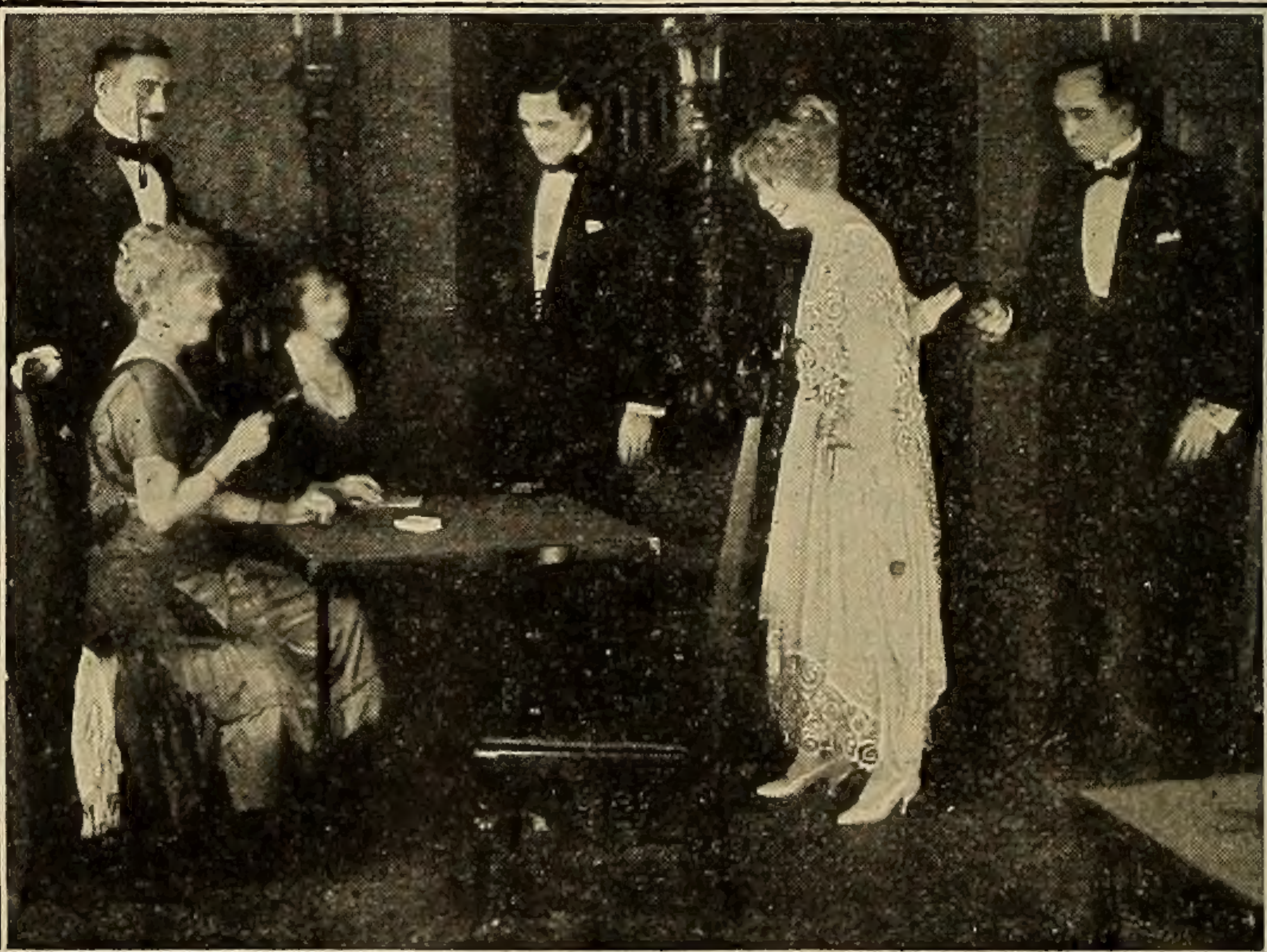
"All of a Sudden Norma" (Bessie Barriscale) becomes an adventuress after the sudden death of her father, who has been ruined by *Emerson Trent*. To further her plans, she adopts a necessary husband, *Cuthbert Van Zelt*, slow-witted, but adoring. Guests at a ducal house party, *Norma* steals ancestral jewels, but finds them paste and returns them to the *Duke's* room. The latter waking, *Norma* saves herself by assumed sleep walking. The *Duke* partially suspects her, but finally confides to her that he is being blackmailed for a pack of letters and will pay her \$20,000 if she can recover them for him. On learning that *Trent*, who ruined her father, is in the plot, *Norma* tackles the job with spirit and concludes it successfully for all hands.



4. Norma's exits and entrances are through windows, reached by rope, at night.



5. The correct expression for an adventuress when promised \$20,000 for the recovery of blackmailing letters.



6. Adorable sleight of hand. Norma in the act of passing the \$20,000 to faithful friend husband.

Movie Comparisons

OH, Stella's face and form were fair,
But Stella was a movie fan;
It was her custom to compare
Her fellows with some leading man!
When I proposed, to my surprise,
She would not give the slightest heed,
But simply stated that my eyes
Were not like those of Wallace Reid!

And so she lost Beau Number One;
But then appeared Beau Number Two.
His little scene was quickly done;
Another episode was through!
Although he was no millionaire,
He still was anything but poor;
But she said "no," because his hair
Was not like that of Owen Moore!

Another and another came;
Another and another went.
With each one it was just the same;
Somehow she could not be content!
And, after many years had fled,
Her disappointment was complete,
For in the end she went and wed
A man with Charlie Chaplin feet!

—Harold Seton.

A Lost Opportunity

Mrs. O'gar (a typical product of the Kentucky Mountains) came to a small Missouri town to live. One of the many new diversions she found was the picture show. Recently she attended a "movie," and during the interval between parts, a picture for the Fourth Liberty Loan was thrown on the screen. It portrayed the Kaiser in dire distress on his knees to Uncle Sam, while Our Uncle wrathfully shook his fist at the despised creature. After the show Mrs. O'gar was heard to say disgustedly to her "better half": "Mike, I can't see why in the world if Uncle Sam got that close to the Kaiser, he didn't kill him."

Realism

"Register grief!" shrieked the director.
But the actor failed lamentably.
"You're fired!" cried the exasperated director.
And the actor registered *some* grief.

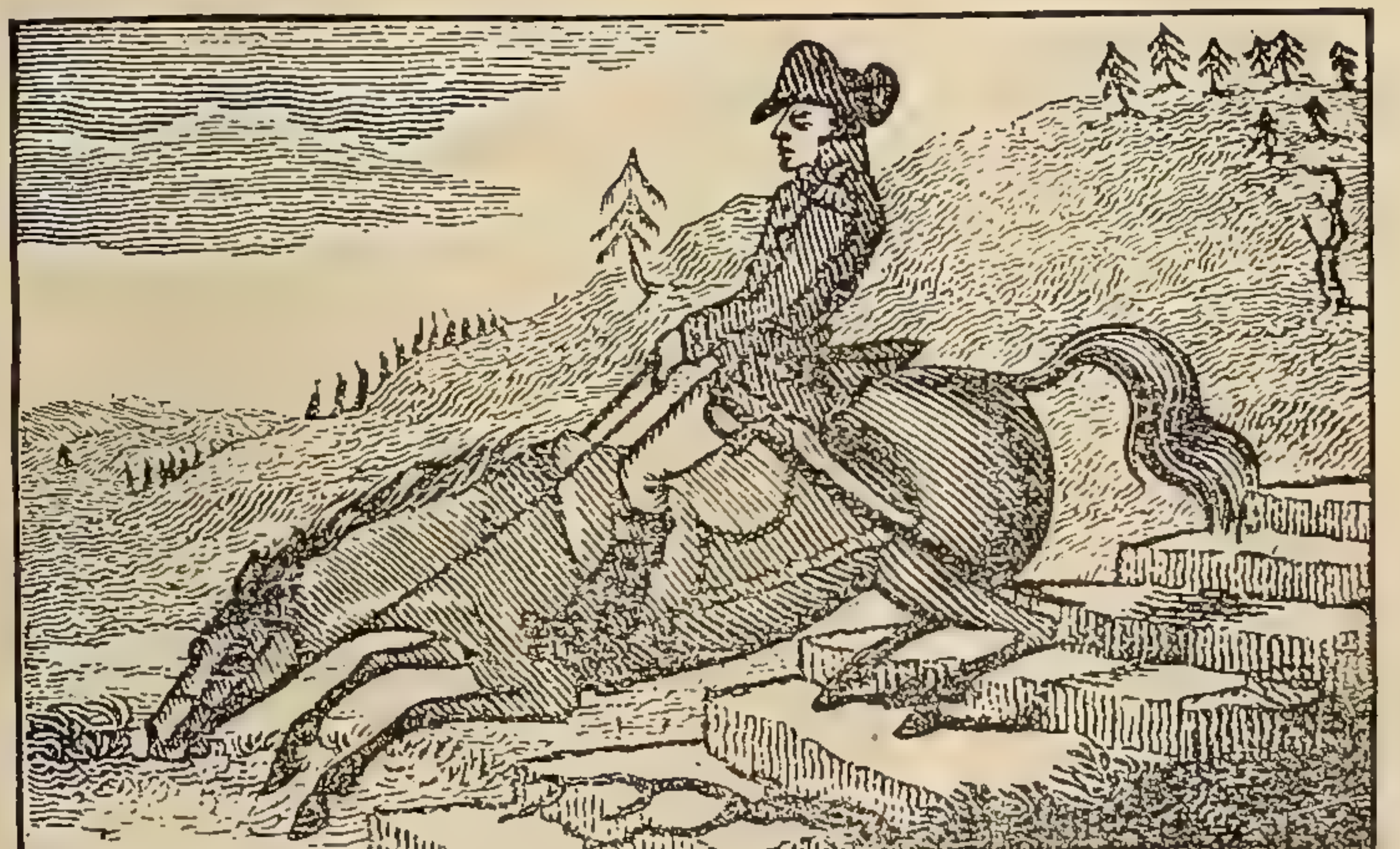
At the Movies

"What were you doing up in the operator's cage?"
"Bribing him to run the film slowly when it reaches the bathing beach scene."

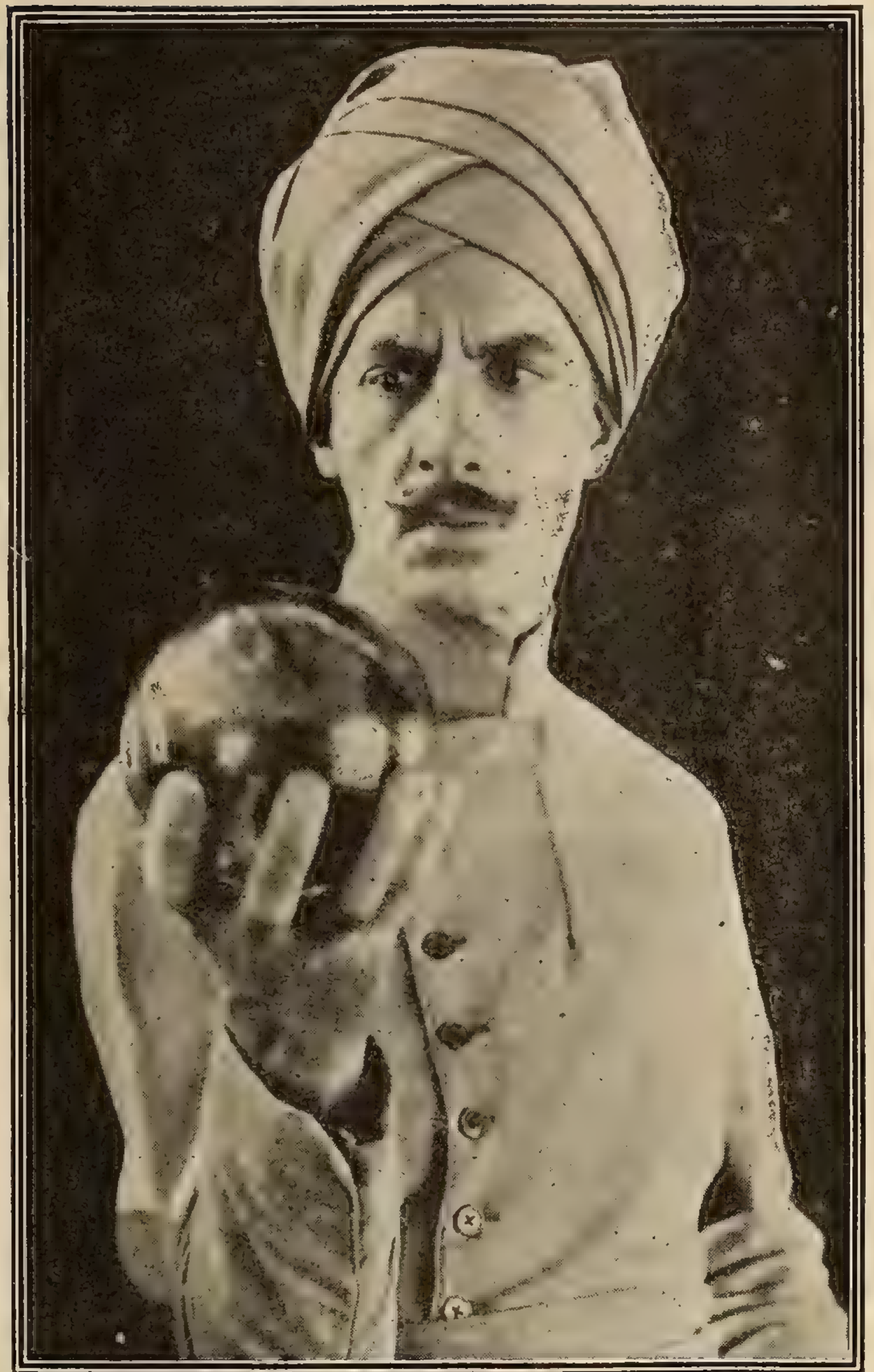
Clips From "News Weeklies" Filmed for Our Forefathers



"Pathe News" view of the destruction of George III. by the citizens of New York, 1776.



"Universal" close-up of General Putnam's escape from the British at Greenwich, Conn., same year.



FOX

EDUCATIONAL MOVIE

This is not a magic crystal, as you might suppose; it is the star twirler of the Calcutta team, showing how he holds the ball for an in-shoot.



"What's on your mind, old man?"

"After six months out of work, here I get an offer of a movie engagement for my performing geese."

"What's the grouch then?"

"I've—I've eaten 'em."

The Boob and the Booby

By Arthur C. Brooks

THEY had been married but a short while and were discovering painful truisms in each other, as couples will after being married a short while.

To his mind and dismay her depreciation lay in the plain and appalling fact that she was of the bourgeoisie; she liked, undisguisedly, movies, player-pianos and fried onions.

Her slightly contemptuous appraisal of him was disclosed in the rather disturbing invective that he was nothing more than a dried-up old book shark. He inclined to Siegfried, Maeterlinck and Bohemianism, and joyed in discussing Bernard Shaw by the hour.

The first time they "had words" was following what subsequently proved to be an unfortunate question on his part. In undeniable innocence he asked her, just to make conversation, what she thought of Moliere's comedies. She responded quickly that she had never heard of that company; that she was well up on Keystone

and Triangle stuff, but not on theirs. What was it, she wanted to know—something Ince was controlling, or one of those new, fly-by-night corporations?

When the first dank mists of awakened doubt had lifted from his shocked senses, he stared at her with something akin to animosity in his eyes. Then hurriedly, as a further test, he asked her if she knew who Belshazzar was.

She looked at him severely for some moments before she answered and said if he was trying to pull any of his high-brow comedy on her, he'd better quit and give it the air. There was no such foreign actor in pictures. There was that Hawaiian, Sessue Hayakawa—or was he a Hindoo?—but no Bill Shazzer.

This should have been conclusive, but he decided on a third test. As by the three caskets, in Shakspeare, the suitors were tried, so, he determined, she should rise or fall on her cognition of the third question.

He fixed her with a gleam in his eyes



A Little Game of Bridge in Arizona.

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Not Forgetting



FOX

1. Ali Baba, a poor wood-chopper (Georgie Stone) by chance discovers the treasure cave of a band of bandits, and the fact that it yields to the mystic phrase "Open sesame." Ali Baba helps himself and hastens home.



2. Here we see Ali Baba's rich and haughty brother forcing from Ali Baba the secret of the robbers' cave. Ali Baba rashly borrowed from brother a pot in which to measure his new-found wealth, and a gold piece stuck to the bottom of it.



3. Nothing would do but the rich brother must try the cave for himself. He gets in, but cannot remember the pass-word to get out; the robbers return, and something excessively unpleasant and final happens.



8. And here is the robber chief in Ali Baba's house, listening.

7. Morgianna puts on the kitchen fire a large pot of oil. Once it comes to a boil, she plans stealthily to pour it on the waiting robbers in the jars.



9. And, on the other side of the door, Ali Baba and Morgianna, likewise listening.

10. The stable court adjoining the house of Ali Baba. Morgianna, seeming guileless and innocent of suspicion, awaits the moment to give the concealed robbers in the background jars the surprise she has in store for them.

Morgianna doesn't look old enough to stage a boiling-oil plot, but women mature early in those Oriental countries.



Morgianna; The Arabian Nights in Infant Sizes



5. By rescuing her from the cruel innkeeper, Ali Baba, now rich, and with a cave full of money to fall back on, has won the love of Morgianna, whose sole idea is to serve him. Ali Baba has caught the correct Oriental expression for one about to be worshipped.



4. Enter Ali Baba and Morgianna (Gertrude Messinger). Morgianna is famed as a dancing girl, but is a slave to the owner of the inn. Her master is cruel to her, and Ali Baba befriends her and helps her to escape. All of which is not strictly in accord with "The Arabian Nights" version, but who cares?



The big scene: the battle to the death between Ali Baba and the robber chief. The latter's men are now en casserole, although the robber chief doesn't know it.

6. Meanwhile, the robbers have not forgotten that some one knows their secret, and the suspicions of the chief fall upon Ali Baba. The chief comes to Ali Baba's house in the guise of a merchant, but Morgianna discovers that each of the jars on the supposed merchant's mules contains a man. Although not in the original Arabic, it may be said that Morgianna is "wise to the robbers and is giving some of them the eye." An idea is occurring to her.



12. Ali Baba, his hair slightly mussed and minus his turban, puts the finishing touch upon the robber chief, Morgianna, of course, coming on for the final curtain.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



GETTING RID OF A CAT: THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Some Movie Statistics

FOR years I have been gathering facts and figures
Regarding the moving picture business;
I have seen every story ever filmed—
From the time the first comic-opera policeman
Chased the first booze-laden tramp,
To the latest super-de-luxe releases of to-day.
Here is the net result of my years of study,
Succinctly set down for your edification.

IF all the films which show the handsome city chap
Promising the simple, but, oh, so beautiful country lass
That he would make her a leading lady in six months,
If she would only run away with him,
Were laid out flat and then placed end to end,
The resultant celluloid strip would stretch
From Bangor, Maine, to Lundy's Lane,
And across to Paraguay.

AND if the films which show the vicious vampire
Luring away the happily married man,
Only to really fall in love with her victim,
But finally give him up for his baby's sake,
Were piled one on top of the other,
The celluloid column would surely reach
The planet Mars, unless the stars
Blocked up the right of way.

IF all the films which show the poor young man
Arriving just in time to knock down the rich villain,
Who is trying to kiss the "woiking goil" heroine
Against her—will,
Were stretched across the boundless ocean,
They would form a bridge leading
From Boston, Mass., to Valparaz,
And across to Cochin-China.

AND if the war films which show the rejected lover
Saving the life of his successful rival,
By lugging him back to the Red Cross heroine
On his brave, manly, padded young shoulders,
Were tied together and rolled out,
The path of film thus made would extend
From Film Fort Lee to the Zeider Zee,
And thence to Asia Minor.

—Michael Gross.

The Cat in the Bag

Visitor—Who's the studio manager here?

Props—Don't tell anyone I said so, but it's the star.



AS OUR ALLIES SEE THEM
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, according to the
London Tatler.

The Balance of Power

"Why do the newspapers give so much space to the
movies?"

"They're afraid the movies will supplant them, too."



THE EYES OF A VAMPIRE

Qualifying for Bachelor of Cinema

By Warren Woodruff Lewis

THERE is about to come a great and important change in the lives of the motion picture public, as, having grafted several thousand pretty pink and blue ribbons with diplomas rolled inside of them, last year's crop of tender young bachelors of art, science and chiropody will please step aside for the Bachelors of Cinema, class 1919.

And why not? With doctors of letters and doctors of chiropody holding their own in the front ranks, there is no reason why movie fans can't matriculate for a sheepskin. Even the engineer of a peanut stand gets a diploma, but disciples of the silent drama don't get as much as a rain check.

When the movie art was in its infancy, people were contented to sit quietly in their seats and watch the shadows flicker on the screen. It didn't make any difference whether the hero used Shine-'em-Quick nail polish or cleaned his teeth with a whiskbroom, just so long as the movie had a beginning and an end. But the movies to-day cater to people who have had long years of training.

They know all about the little golden-haired star and her family, even back three and four generations. When Charlie throws a pie, his audience knows instantly whether it is a peach or a cranberry.

About the time when a young man's most cherished possession is a safety razor, he packs up his wardrobe and enters a foundry of knowledge. When he comes out, if he ever does, he leaves behind three or four carved-up desks, a couple of broken hearts and a bureau drawer full of empty bottles; but he's a bachelor of something or other, and nothing else matters.

After a while he gives up this degree and becomes something else. There are a lot of ex-bachelors struggling around who wish they could give up the something else and get their old degrees back. But it can't be done.

So far so good. This only goes to show how much time and study it takes (or doesn't take) to become a bachelor of laws or letters. It takes only four years to get a college degree, yet patrons of the cinema have been strug-

(Continued on page 30)



THE SUBURBANITE AT THE CITY MOVIES

His Wife—John, I hate to miss the last train; but I'm dying to know who stole the heroine's jewels.
Hubby—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask one of the ushers.

miss, but the gainers of a wonderful pair of eyes, assets of which they are deeply sensible.

"My eyes got me my first work in pictures," said Miss Bara. "The director said they were unusual—well, that wasn't the word he used," she corrected herself smilingly. "He called them 'crooked'; but they aren't that—really!"

"Do you think they symbolize the vampire type?" I asked, but Miss Bara shook her head emphatically.

"No, indeed, I don't," she said. "They have come to be thought of in that way, but I don't believe for a moment that I have 'siren's eyes.' The vampire roles are very distasteful to me. I like the comedy parts or straight dramatic roles, but to the public I am always 'The Queen of Vampires,' and my eyes are responsible for it."

I invaded the Mack Sennett studios.

"Show me something in the way of distinctive features," I said to the publicity man, in the same tone one asks for a spool of thread.

"This way, please," he answered, in floorwalker fashion, and led me over to one of the big stages where a large swimming pool occupied the center of an elaborate "set."

"Take a look," he invited.

I took a couple of them—there were inducements a-plenty to take even more. The camera was aimed at the springboard, where, poised ready for graceful dives into the clear green pool, a dozen damsels in abbreviated bathing suits—the kind that commence late and end early—were waiting for the signal to "Go!"

"There you are," said the publicity man. "We make a specialty of the niftiest bathing beauties in pictures, and when we say we lead all other studios in this line, we have the figures to prove it!"

Just then Ben Turpin ambled by, apparently intent on an inspection of the Klieglights to the right of the bathing beauties, but considering the peculiarities of Ben's eyes and the attractions on the set, he



Doug's Own Smile.

couldn't have been looking at the lights—intentionally.

"Oh, that's Ben Turpin!" I murmured, as he sped by. "I'd know him anywhere by his eyes—and his neck."

He heard the remark and turned to grin at something in my general direction. "Me neck is an accident," he said, "but me beauteous eyes is me trade-mark!" Then he went on to the swimming pool.

When I spoke to Lillian Gish concerning individuality of feature, she surveyed me with a glint of humor in her Madonna-like eyes.

"Well, I hate to admit it," she said, "but my eyes and hair are like most everybody else's."

I tried to refute this, but she plunged on.

"The two things that no one else has, though, are my *funny* nose and mouth!" And she turned her profile

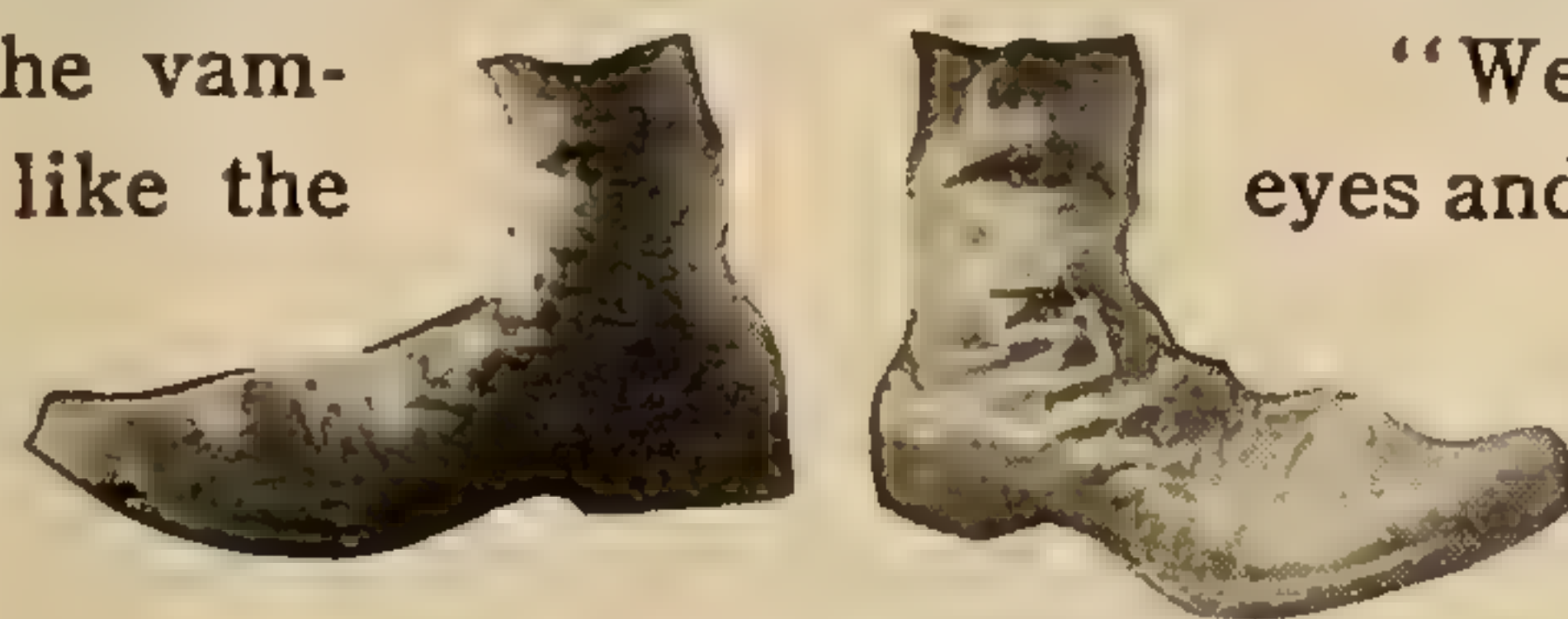
so that I could mark well one offending feature, and pursed her lips so that I could get a good look at the other. "My nose sort of sinks down in the middle," she continued, "and gets up courage at the end, and my mouth has a way of compressing itself that is very bad for 'close-ups.' Of course, they are all the nose and mouth I have, and maybe they are trade-marks—but I don't think much of them."

If that is her real opinion, she is alone in it. The rest of us fans would be desolated without the "funny" Gish nose and mouth.

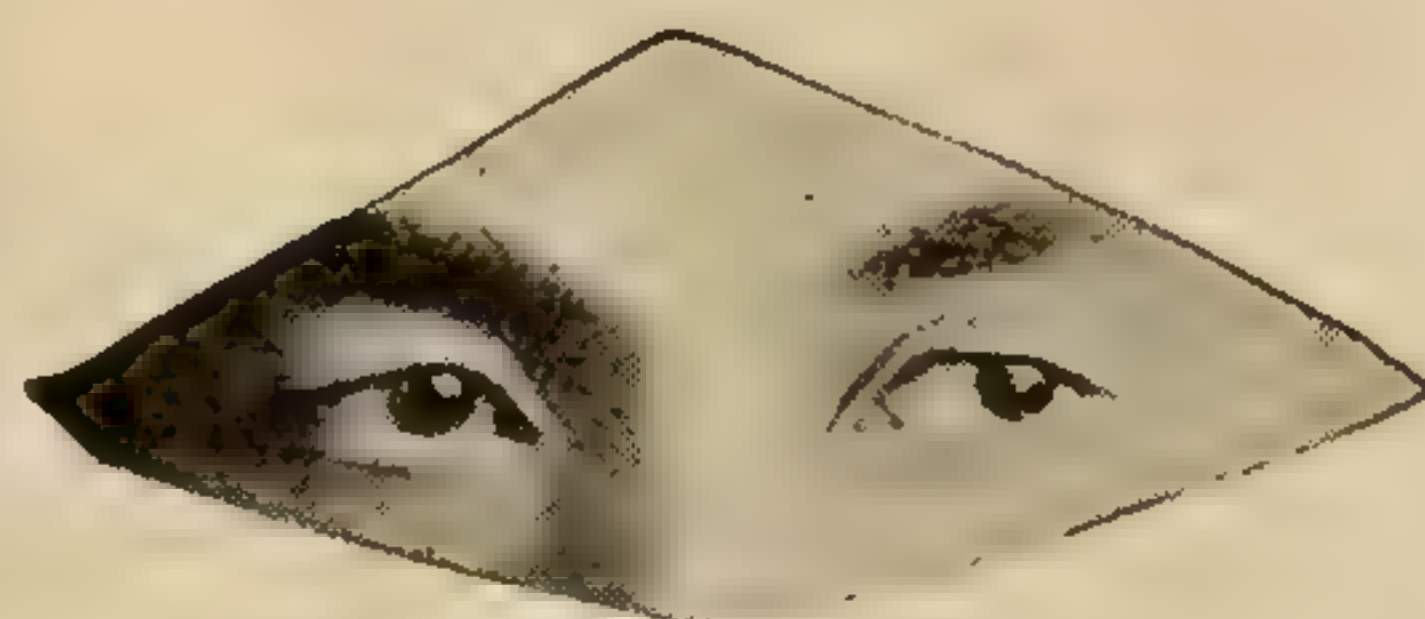
"Don't leave out my trade-mark which I've spent years in acquiring," begged "Smiling" Bill Parsons, as he removed his hat and exhibited to my gaze a shining dome destitute of hair. "Let the sweet girlish and curlish stars have their crinkly tresses—and worry about 'em!" he declaimed. "As for me, my baldness will only increase as tempus fugits along, and the balder I am, the funnier it will be. That's logic, isn't it?"

I admitted that it was.

(Continued on page 30)



Charlie's Priceless Feet.



Hayakawa's Oriental Orbs.



ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S DRAWBACKS

Motion picture actresses forced to wade to work during the rainy season.

The Cut-back

By Miles Overholt

A MOVIE director was Percival Goof,
Who'd shot everything that belongs under roof—
A king on his throne, a wife in a hovel,
An Indian palace, the subjects that grovel,
Homes of the wealthy,
Dens of the stealthy,
Grand ladies, tramps and the lepers unhealthy,
Parties and dances in homes of society,
High-browish revels, yet ruled by propriety,
Hoochie-ma-coochies and dens of iniquity,
And thousands of "shots" of a boresome propinquity.

Outdoors was the same;
Everything was so tame—
He knew each "location" and called it by name:
The hole in the rock that looked out on the ocean,
And Indian camp, bands of reindeer in motion,
Camouflaged boats,
Castles and moats,
Battles and trenches,
Lakes and park benches,
Street cars and autos and riots and wenches.
He'd shot everything that was mentioned in books,
Deserts and rivers and cool, shady nooks—
Till one fateful day
His soul passed away,
Left him flat on his back, though 'twas filled
with elation,
And started out seeking a brand-new "location."

Eight beautiful ladies
At the front door of Hades
Led Percival Goof inside;
They showed him the sights
'Neath the twink-a-ling lights,
But their visitor only sighed.
"It's the same old bluff, the same old stuff,"
Said he, with a saddened face;
"There's nothing new but a 'type' or two—
Say, this is a h—— of a place!"
In vain did they show him the devil's throne,
The torturing, white-hot ice-cream cone,
The ice-water pitchers of molten glass,
A peep at the sulphur shov'lers' class,
The pumpkin pie that was made of leather,
And seventeen different kinds of weather.
But to Percival Goof it was mild and tame—
He'd been too long in the picture game.
So they let him go to another clime,
Where it was springtime nearly all the time.
An angel took him in hand
And led him about the land.
He showed him the streets that were paved with gold,
Where nothing was old

Or hot
Or cold;

He saw contentment on every side,
He saw cool lakes and whispering trees,
And beautiful rivers, deep and wide,
And blossoms blown on the gentle breeze.
There were palaces grand
On the glittering strand—
But there wasn't a thing in that heavenly home,
From the gilded stairs to the golden gate,
That a property man with a working dome
Couldn't easily duplicate.

The actorines round the bier of Goof shed many a tear
for the dead;
Not even the camera man held aloof—"He can't cuss
me now," he said.

(Continued on opposite page)



Then the leading woman let out a screech
That was heard clear down to the high-priced beach.

For the "corpse" arose
And donned his clothes,
And yelled at the group to get busy;
He'd thought of a spot
That hadn't been "shot,"

So, leaping aboard his tin lizzie,
He led the way
To a field of hay
In which no maiden was raking that day;

And he filmed a cliff in the broad daylight
On which no fighters were staging a fight;

And a villain's face was his next big bet
In which there wasn't a cigarette;
But following that was the greatest test—
A woman with nary a heaving breast!

Then the restless ghost of Percival Goof
Took up the hoof,
Fled through the roof,

With a couple of grunts and an "Uuh" and an "Oof!"
But the frown that made ugly the movie director
Had quite disappeared from his facial sector.

Which shows us, dear children, if we can afford
Original thoughts, we will get our reward!

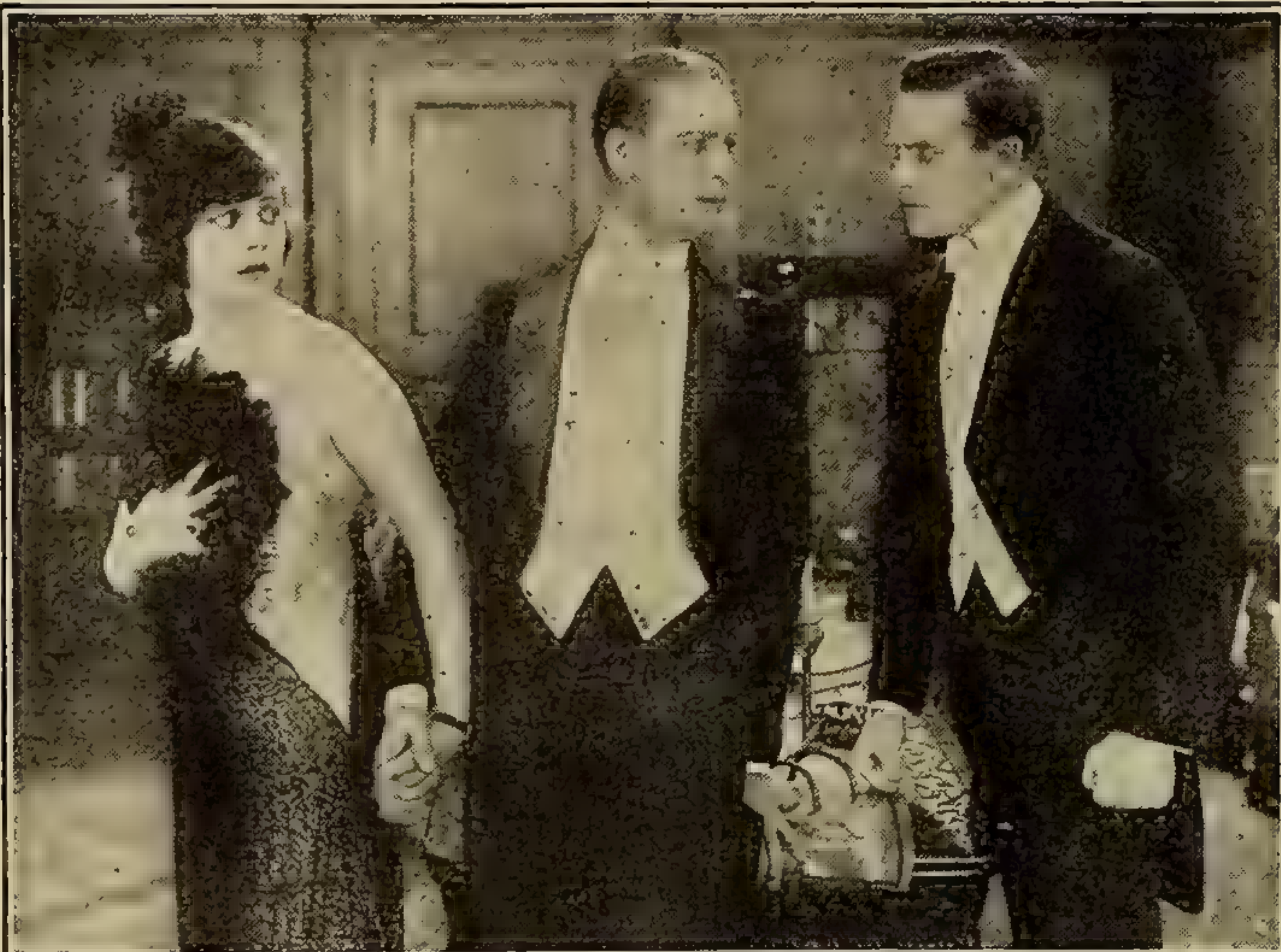


SIMPLY A BAD ACTOR

The lady—How did you come to be thrown out of employment?

The thespian—'Tis a sad but soon-told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at muh; a mangy and mercenary theatrical manager threw muh down a flight of stairs; a dull-witted movie director threw muh out into the street; and a twice-cursed taxicab threw muh twenty feet. Thus it was lady.

"Common Cause" Features Both Love and War



1. At a fete, Palmer has discovered Wadsworth kissing his wife's hand.



2. Helene puts out the flame symbolic of the love that failed.

VITAGRAPH



3. She throws herself into war service. The Red Cross auction.

By Way of Explanation

The names of *Edward Wadsworth* and *Helene*, the wife of *Orrin Palmer*, have long been associated by gossip. *Palmer* leaves, and unbeknown to his wife, sails for France as a captain of marines. *Helene* (*Sylvia Breamer*) is infatuated with *Wadsworth*, but tells him that their "petty love" should be forgotten in the war crisis, so he, too, enlists, and *Helene* goes as a nurse. The trio do not meet again until the fight at *Chateau-Thierry*. *Wadsworth* is wounded, and *Palmer* rescues him. *Helene*, in the clutches of a Hun general, is saved by two little French refugees. The wounded *Wadsworth* tells *Helene* that her husband still loves her, and that she must return to him, "as the pure flame of war has burned all the dross from their lives."



4. At Chateau-Thierry, Palmer brings in Wadsworth, wounded.



5. Cured of her infatuation for Wadsworth, and at the latter's urging, Helene returns to her husband.



6. The war unites them again in happiness, together with the little French refugees who saved Helene's life.

A Potential Half-dozen



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Henry B. Walthall	"And a Still Small Voice"	December 29, 1918
Bessie Barriscale	"All of a Sudden Norma"	January 5, 1919
William Desmond	"Life's a Funny Proposition"	January 12, 1919
Sessue Hayakawa	"Bonds of Honor"	January 19, 1919

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WHAT WAS ON HER MIND AS SHE WATCHED THE MOVIES

The Power of Thespia

RHODA CALVERT'S face was livid with passion. Her eyes gleamed like baleful stars before which all men involuntarily quailed.

"Answer me!" she screamed, clutching the deep crimson passion roses from her corsage and trampling them ruthlessly at her feet. "Will you do it?"

Roland Parke drew nearer to her, but the girl turned her beautiful, wilful face toward him with an imperious gesture.

"Do not come a step nearer unless you consent," she cried bitterly. "Unless you will do as I wish, I shall never see you again! You shall rue the day that you was born!"

Roland Parke knew but too well that the girl would keep her word. No power could stay the current of her

ungovernable self-will. No human being could hold in subjection the fierce, untamed temper of the beautiful tyrant.

With a sigh he dug up a dime and they passed into the moving picture parlor, where she wished to see if the scales of mercy and justice were still evenly balanced.

Proof

"Do you believe the motion pictures are improving?"

"Well, every press agent declares that his star's latest picture is the best she or he has ever done."

Anxious To Please

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"I'll bet they'd do it for a movie director."

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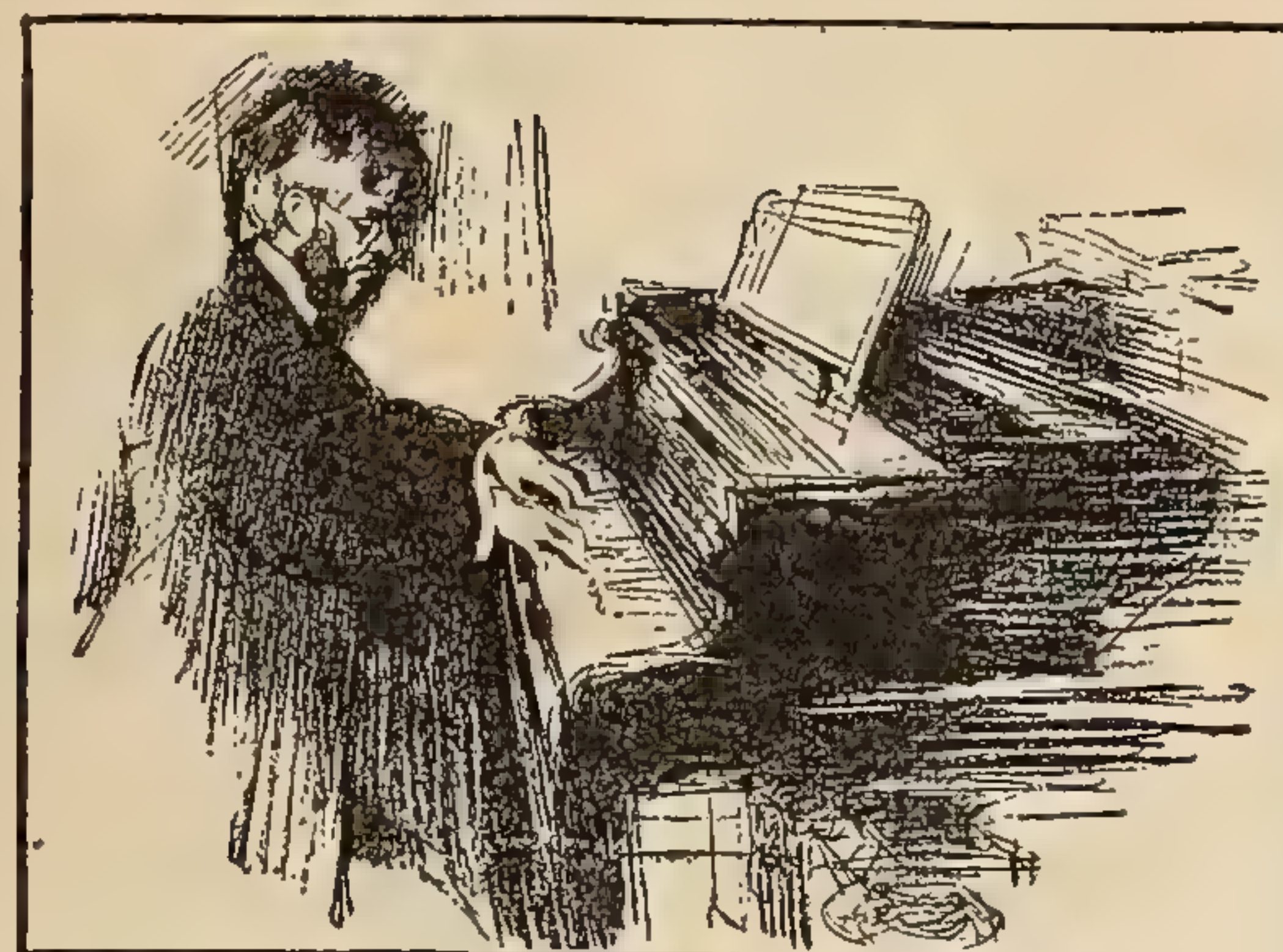
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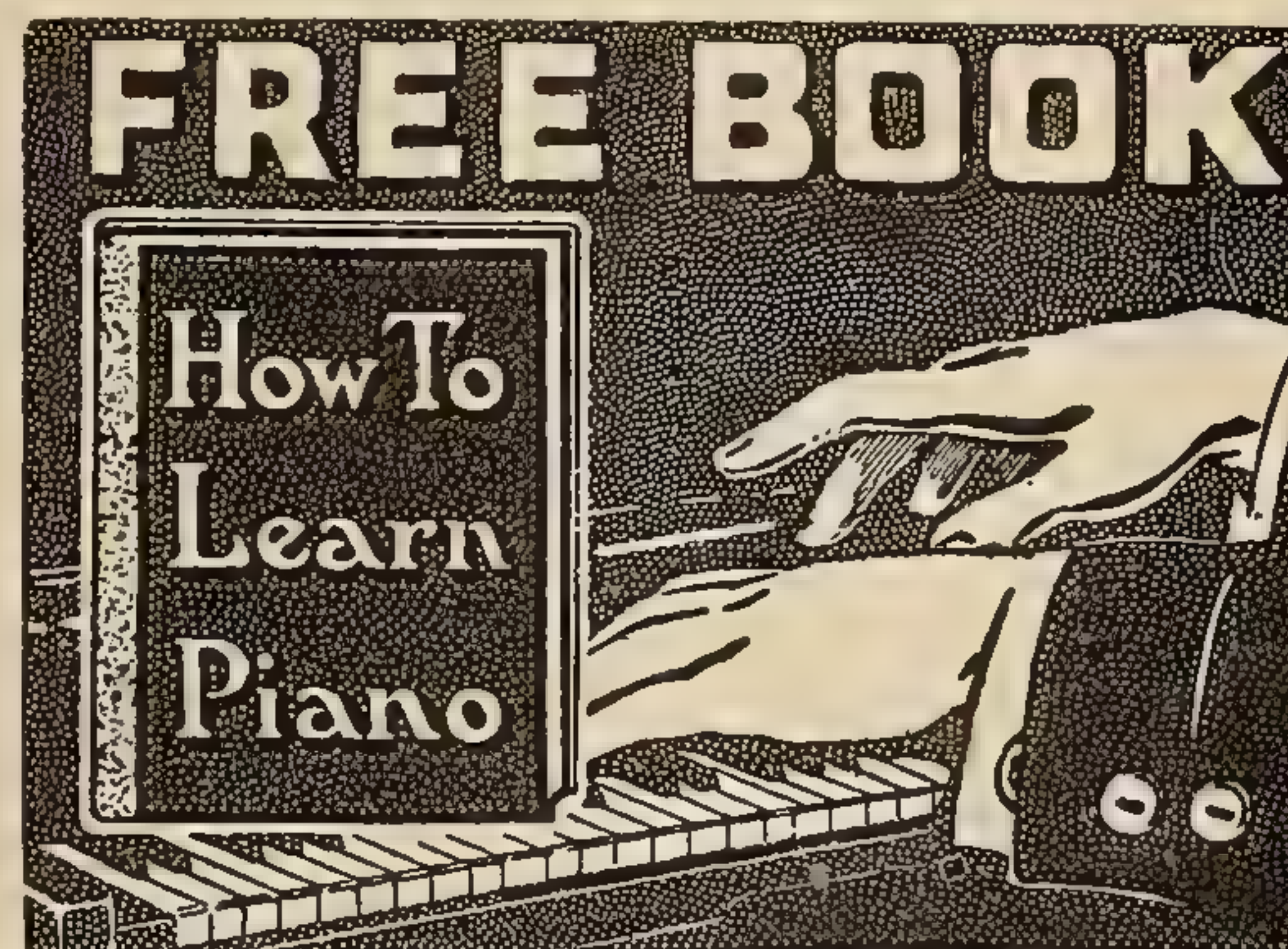
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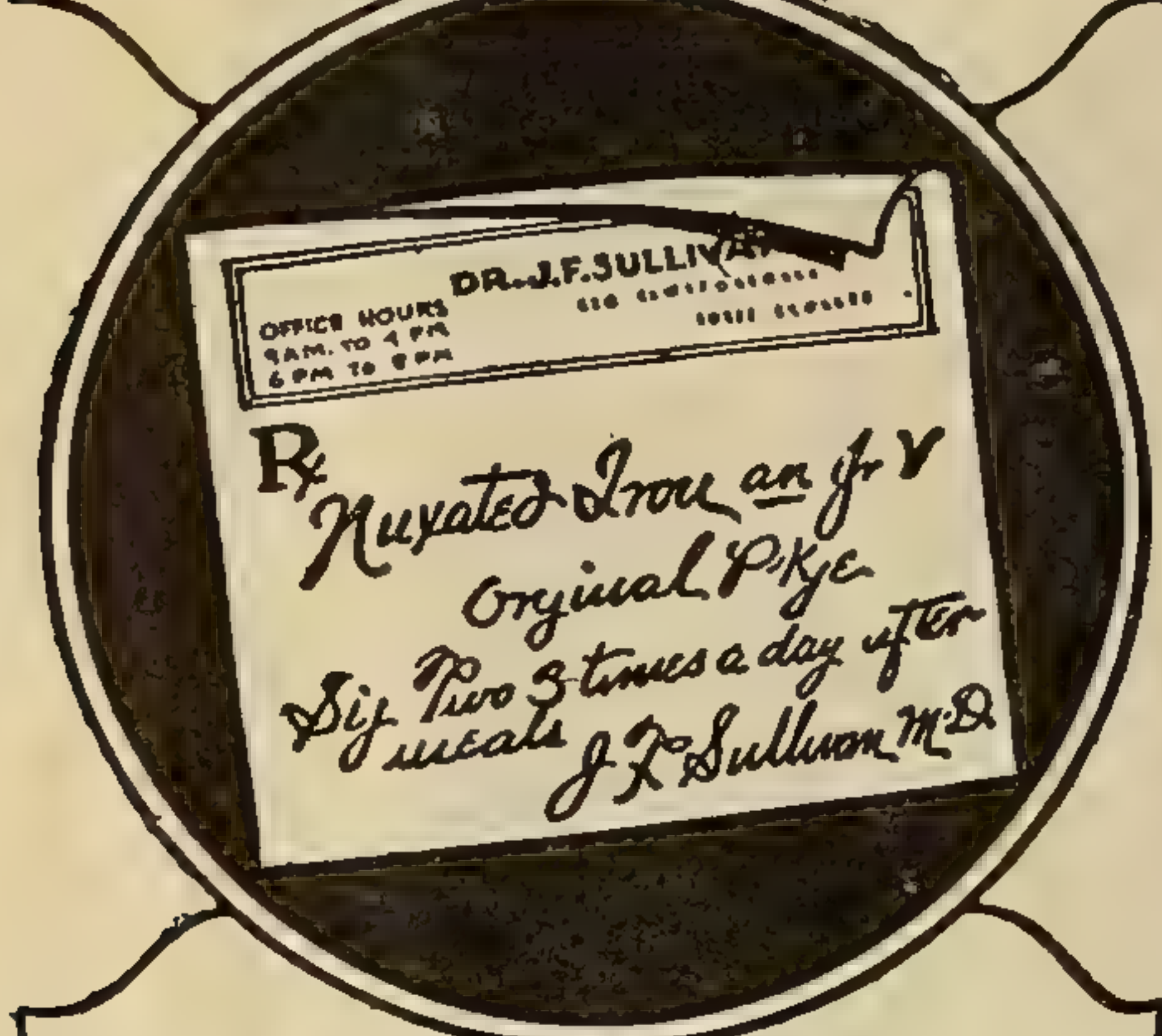
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Qualifying for Bachelor of Cinema

(Continued from page 20)

gling for twenty years with nobody paying any attention to them as yet.

And there's a spirit of honesty in the study of motion pictures that doesn't obtain in our most exclusive colleges. Any student who has had a hard night on the street is glad to crib a few lines from his neighbor the next morning, but the cinema fan grits his teeth and clinches his fist if a student in the row ahead whispers a little information to his friend in the next seat. Such honesty should never go unrewarded, but it does. Alas and alack, the producer and exhibitor alike will soon face the necessity of creating degrees for his patrons.

Something has got to be done, and without any further delay. Fancy a person having devoted ten years to the movies still sneaking around without any degree. Here's a man who can tell how many mustaches Mack Sennett wears out in a week, and how long it takes Olive Bell to massage her nose in the morning; but what do they get for knowing all this? Nothing.

It would be different if the people who support the movies didn't know anything about them, but there are very few cases where they don't know more than the producer and exhibitor combined. Take anybody out of the audience—pick 'em at random—and they'll tell you right away what's wrong with the film. Reward 'em, Mr. Producer! Reward 'em!

What kind of a degree? Well, that's for you to decide, but Bachelor of Cinema, C. O. D., sounds pretty good to me.

Traits and Trade-marks

(Continued from page 23)

Of course, there's only one Haya-kawa, and only one pair of slanting Oriental eyes to convey, from the screen, every emotion from love to bitterest hate without the movement of a facial muscle. Some stars acquire their trade-marks; he was born with his.

When I approached the Fairbanks studio, I had some benighted idea of sitting tete-a-tete with Doug for a nice, quiet interview! Perish the thought! I caught him in the act of darting from the publicity office to his dressing-room,

(Continued on page 32)

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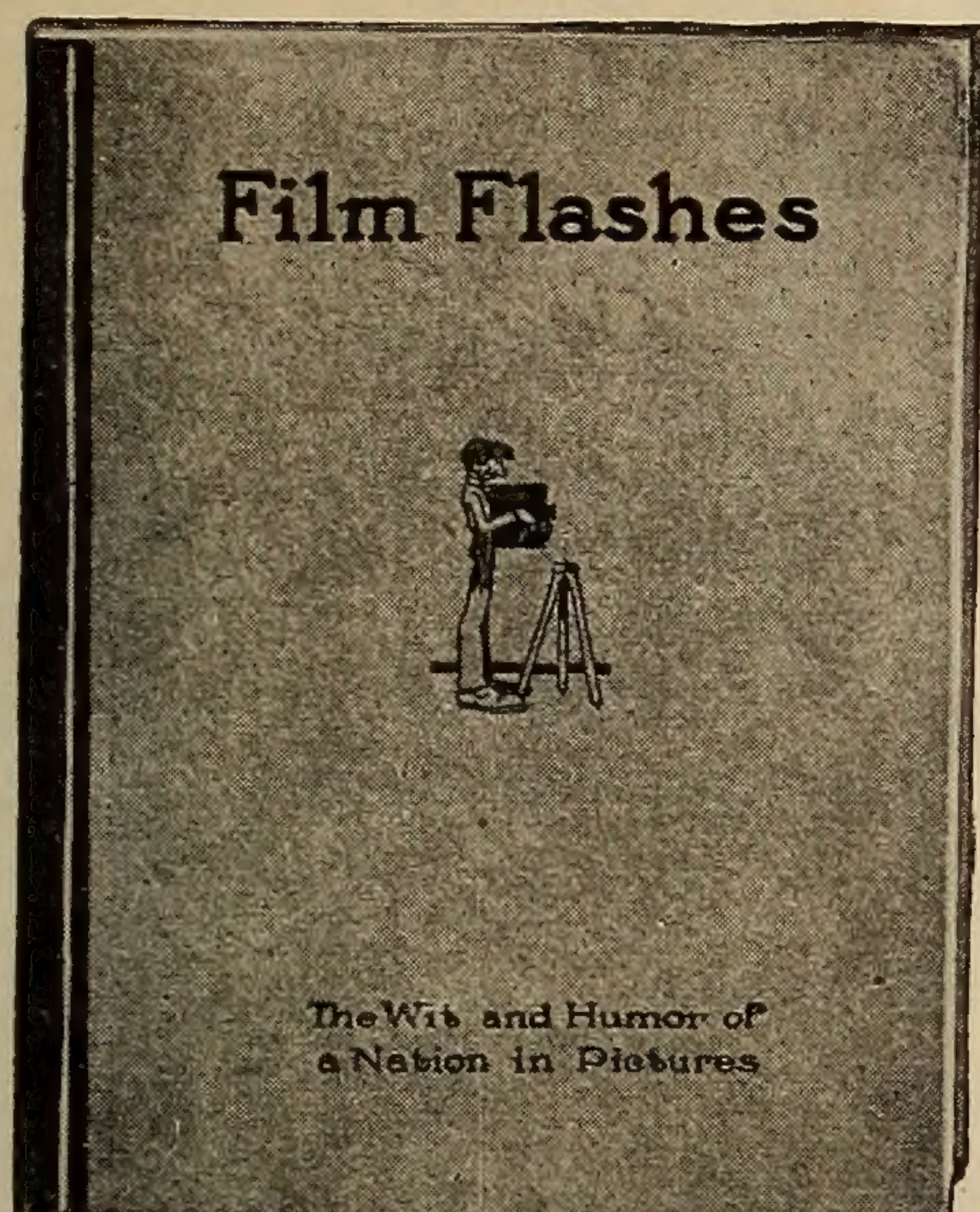
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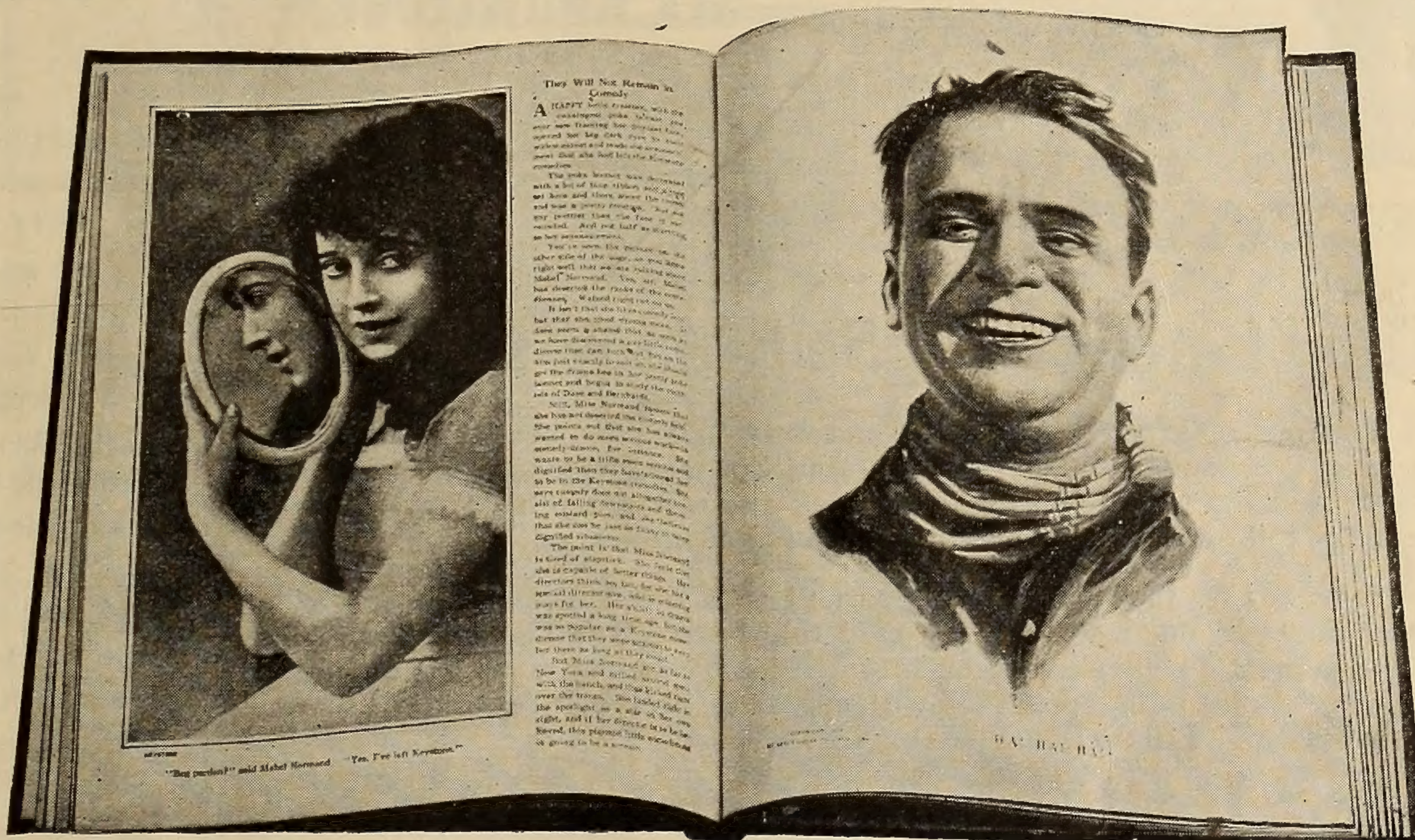
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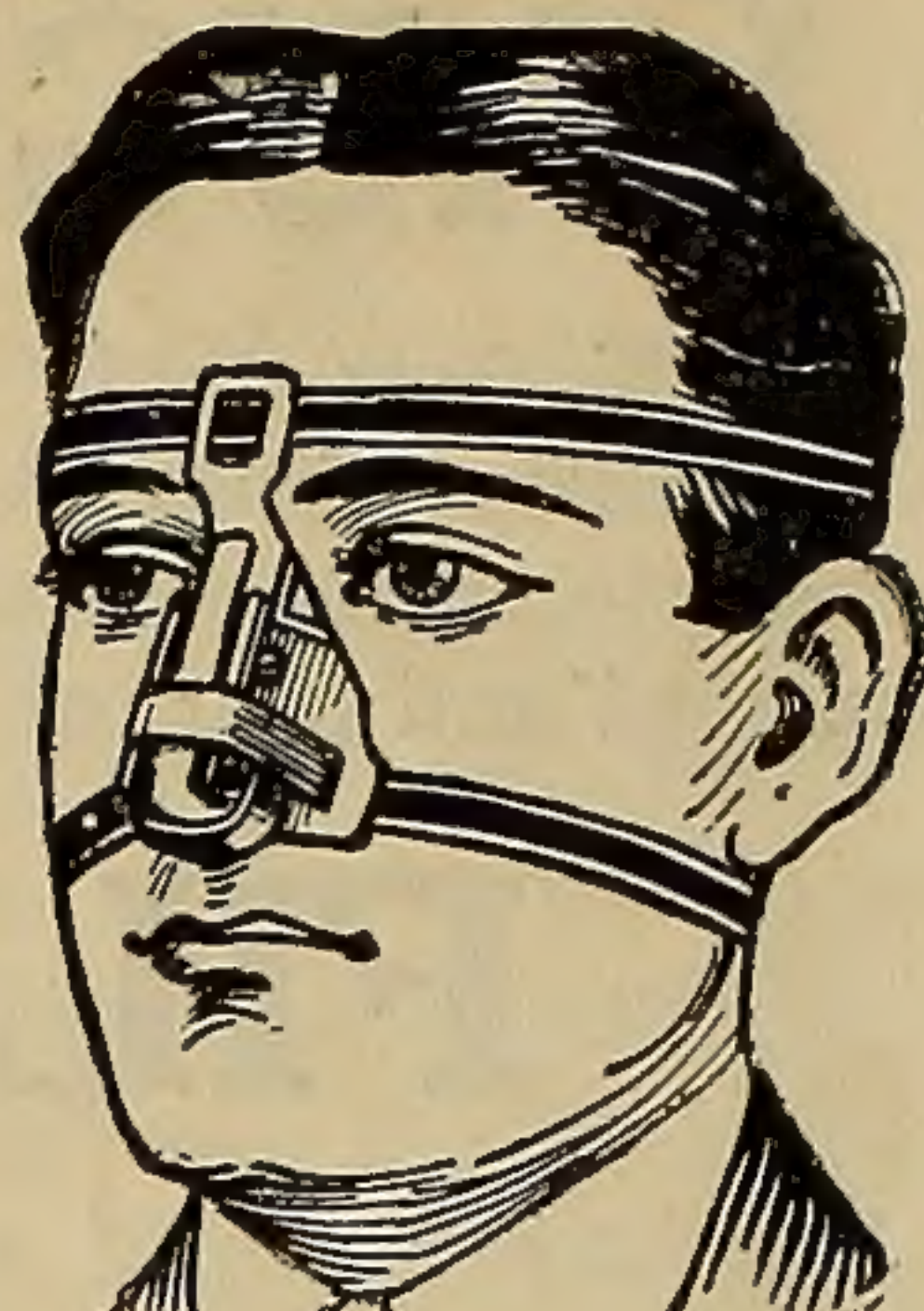
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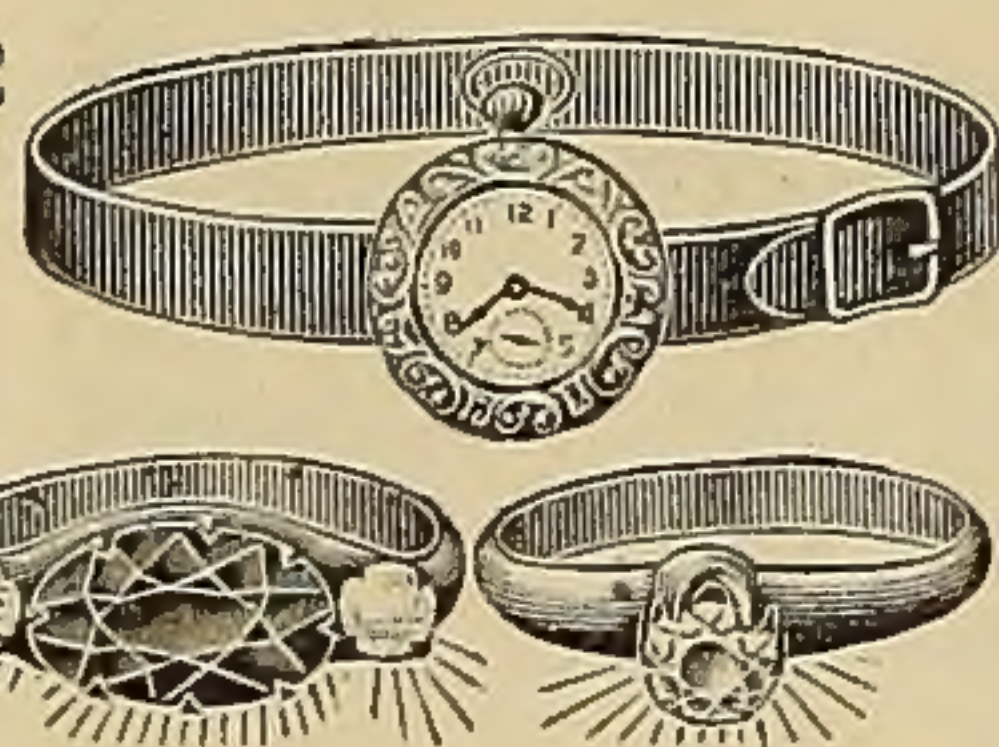
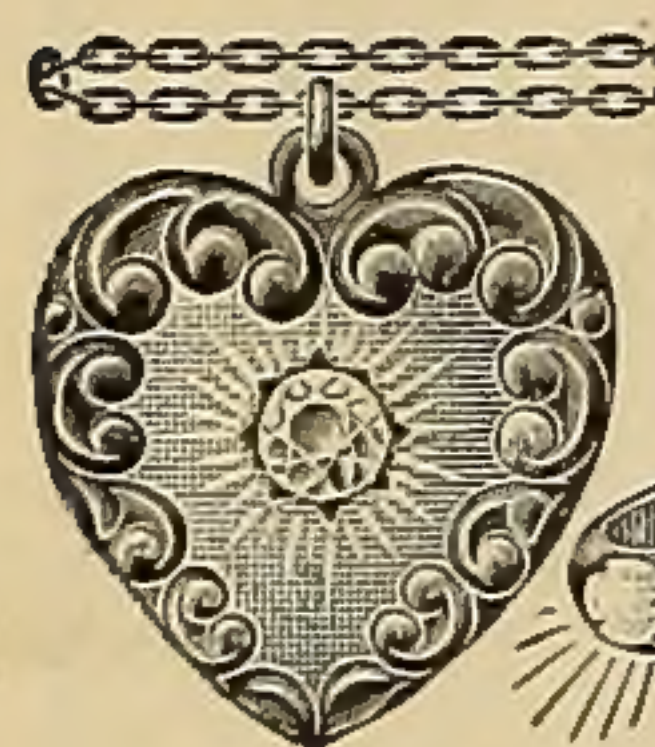


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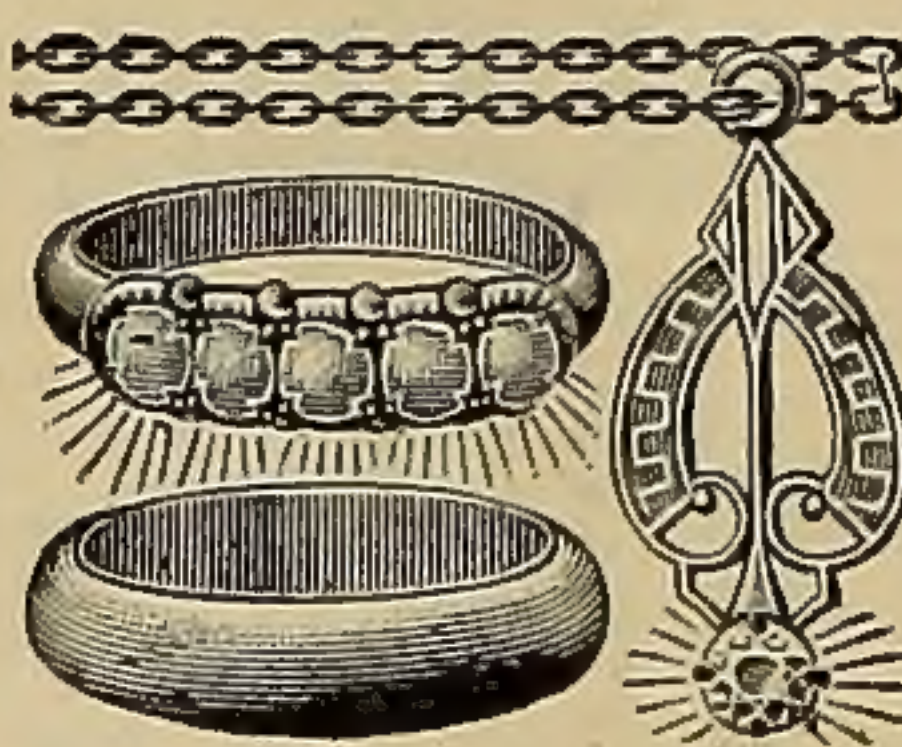
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Traits and Trade-marks

Continued from page 30

a few doors down the line, a bunch of telegrams in his hand.

"Would you tell me"—I commenced breathlessly, and as he dashed by I caught fragments of sentences thrown over his shoulder.

"Sure—anything—to-morrow! Just now—war work—you know how 'tis!" And he disappeared inside.

Bennie Ziedman, Doug's pocket-edition press agent, came to the rescue.

"Doug's trade-mark?" he echoed. "Oh, you know—pep, zip, punch, any old thing that's lively."

Just then Doug opened his door.

"You aren't sore, are you?" he called to me. "Come out again to-morrow—please!" And before the door closed again, I got a good, satisfying look at the Fairbanks trade-mark—his big, wholesome, friendly, all-out-of-doors SMILE!

The Funniest Man in the Movies

(Continued from page 10)

And this wistful-eyed, aging man was a maker of world-wide laughter! We reached for our hat; it was time to go.

"As an artist, have you no unrealized ambition?" we chanced in parting.

The wistful eyes glowed.

"I have, yes," said the veteran; "but don't get me started on it. It is my crowning dream. I'm sick of comedy; I want to get into the legitimate."

"The legitimate?"

"Yes; to introduce the pie in Shakespeare. I know I could popularize him. Falstaff, the Taming of the Shrew, the fight between Macduff and Macbeth, Hamlet's soliloquy with a pie instead of a skull—the possibilities are limitless. Do you happen to know anyone with a little money?"

We didn't.

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"Why?"

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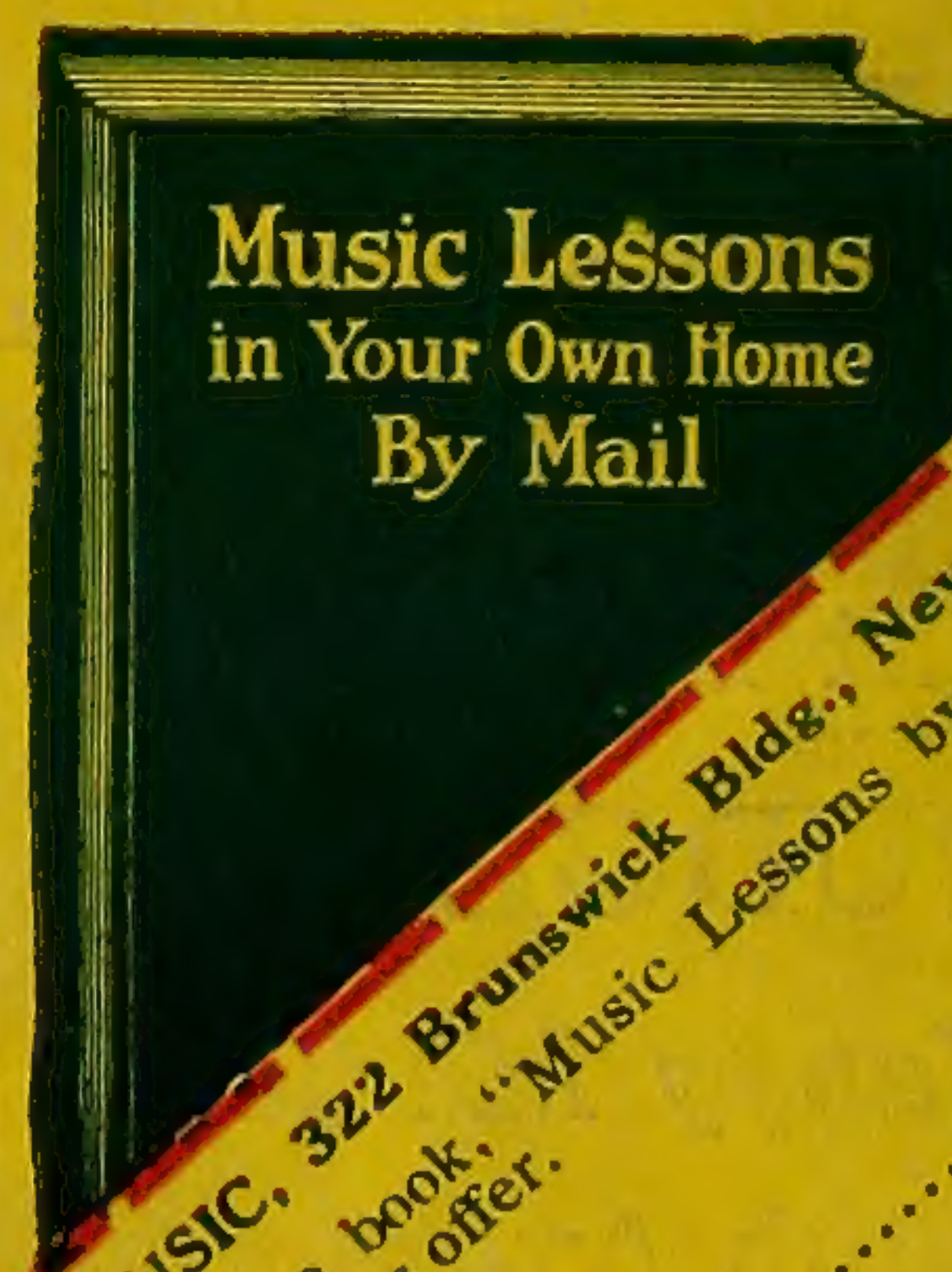
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